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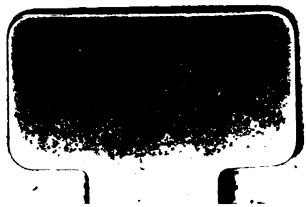

# MOORIANA:

OR,

## SELECTIONS

FROM THE

*Moral, Philosophical, and Miscellaneous Works*

Of the late

## *DR. JOHN MOORE.*

ILLUSTRATED BY

A New Biographical and Critical Account

OF THE

## DOCTOR AND HIS WRITINGS;

AND

## *NOTES,*

*Historical, Classical, and Explanatory.*

BY

THE REV. F. PREVOST, AND F. BLAGDON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

" Floriferis ut apes in saltibus mellia libant.
" Sic nos autorum decerpimus aurea dicta."

London:

*Printed by J. Candee, Ivy-Lane,*

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1803.

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# MOORIANA.

## ABSOLUTION AND EXTREME UNCTION.

*A NEGRO slave, having allowed symptoms of compassion, perhaps of indignation, to escape from him, on hearing one of his brother-slaves ordered to be punished unjustly, his tyrannical master, in a transport of rage, ordered him to be lashed severely, and renewed the punishment at legal intervals so often, that the poor man was thrown into a languishing disease, which confined him constantly to his bed.*

*An Irish soldier, who had been long acquainted with the negro, and had a particular esteem for him, as soon as he heard of his dangerous situation, hastened to see him, carried him wine and other refreshments, and continued to visit and comfort him during his languishing illness. Perceiving at last, that there was no hope of his recovery, he thought the last and best good office he could do him, was to carry a priest, to give him absolution and the extreme unction.*

Soldier—I should be very sorry, father, if this poor fellow missed going to heaven; for by Jesus, I do not believe there is a worthier soul there, be the other who he pleases.

Priest—He is a black.

Soldier—His soul is whiter than a skinned potatoe.

Priest—Do you know whether he believes in all the tenets of our holy faith?

Soldier—He is a man who was always ready to do as he would be done by.

Priest—That is something; but not the most essential. Are you certain that he is a Christian?

Soldier—I'll be d——d if he is not as pretty a Christian as your heart can desire; and I'll give you a proof that will rejoice your soul to hear. —A soldier of our regiment, was seized with the cramp in his leg, when he was bathing; so he hollowed for assistance, and then went plump to the bottom, like a stone. Those who were near him, Christians and all, swam away as fast as their legs could carry them, for they were afraid of his catching hold of them. But that honest negro, pushed directly to the place where the soldier had sunk, dived after him, and without more ado, or so much as saying by your leave, seized him by the hair of the head, and hauled him ashore, where, after a little rubbing and rolling, he was quite recovered, and is alive and merry, at this blessed moment. Now, my dear

father, I think this was behaving like a good Christian, and what is much more, like a brave Irishman too.

Priest—Has he been properly instructed in all the doctrines of the Catholic church?

Soldier—That he has: for I was after instructing him yesterday myself; and as you had told me very often that believing was the great point, I pressed that home. "By Jasus," says I, "it does not signify making wry faces, but you must believe, my dear honey, as fast as ever you can, for you have no time to lose;"—and, poor fellow, he entreated me to say no more about it, and he would believe whatever I pleased.

This satisfied the father. They arrived at the dying man's cabin. Now, my dear fellow, said the soldier, I have brought a holy man to give you absolution for your sins, and to shew your soul the road to heaven; take this glass of wine to comfort you, for it is a hellish long journey.

The priest then began to perform his office.—Hanno heard him in silence.

Soldier—You see, my good father, he believes in all you say. You may now, without any further delay, give him absolution and extreme unction, and every thing needful to secure him a snug birth in Paradise.

Priest—You are fully convinced, friend, that it is only by a firm belief in all the tenets of the holy catholic church that——

Soldier—God love your soul, my dear father, give him absolution in the first place, and convince him afterwards: for upon my conscience, if you bother him, much longer, the poor creature's soul will slip through your fingers.

The priest, who was a good-natured man, did as the soldier requested.

Soldier—Now, my honest fellow, you may bid the devil kiss your b——de, for you are as sure of heaven, as your master is of hell; where, as this reverend father will assure you, he must suffer to all eternity.

"I hope he will not suffer so long," said the negro, in a faint voice; and speaking for the first time, since the arrival of the priest.

"Have a care of what you say, friend," said the priest, in a severe tone of voice; "you must not doubt of the eternity of hell torments.—If your master goes once there, he must remain there for ever."

"Then, I'll be bound for him," said the soldier, "he is sure enough of going there."

"But I hope in God, he will not remain for ever," said the negro—and expired.

"That was not spoken like a true believer," said the priest; "If I had thought that he harboured any doubts on such an essential article, I should not have given him absolution."

"It is lucky, then," said the soldier, "that the poor fellow made his escape to heaven, before you knew any thing of the matter."

As the soldier returned home, from the negro's cabin, he met his master, who knowing where he had been, said to him, "how is the d——d scoundrel?"

"The d——d scondrel is in better health than all who knew him could wish," replied the soldier.

"Why they told me he was dying!"

"He is already dead, and on his way to heaven," said the soldier; but as for the scoundrel who murdered him, he'll be d——d before he gets there."

## PICTURE OF ITALY AND OF THE ITALIANS,

IN A

*Scotch Valet's letter to one of his friends.*

DEAR A.

I RECEIVED your kind epistle, with the agreeable news that all our friends in the west-country, are well.

Your fears, of my having forgot you, are very ill-founded, for although it has been my lot to sojourn many years among strangers, yet thanks be unto God, I never learned to prefer foreigners to my own countrymen: on the contrary, I do feel that I like my old friends the better in proportion as I increase my new acquaintances. So you see there is little danger

of my forgetting *them*, and far less my blood-relations; for surely blood is thicker than water.

You desire my opinion of Italy and its inhabitants, which I shall now give you without prejudice or partiality. The Italians are a most ingenious people. I have been even tempted to think that there is something favourable to ingenuity in the very air or soil, or something else belonging to this happy-situated peninsula of Italy, for it became, in the first place, the seat of the empire of the world, by the valour and address of its inhabitants; when I say the world, I mean all but the northern part of Great-Britain, which the Romans were so far from subduing, that they were obliged to build walls and ramparts across the island; first, between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and next, from Carlisle to Newcastle, to defend themselves from our ancestors, the Caledonians.

But when the Roman Empire was overturned by the Goths, Rome became the seat of a new kind of Empire, and that is the empire of the Popes. In short, the inhabitants of Italy, first subdued mankind by open force; and secondly, by imposition and pawkry :* and after several ages of Gothic darkness, where does the light of knowledge first dawn again? Where do the arts first appear, and where are they carried to the greatest perfection? Why, in this same Italy. This looks, I say, as it were something peculi-

* A Scotch word near synonymous with *duplicity*.

arly favourable to ingenuity in this country. But whatever may be in that notion, with all the disadvantages to which they are exposed from a miserable bad government, the present race of Italians, are certainly a civilized, discreet, sober people, not so frank as the French, nor yet so reserved as the English; but with more shrewdness of understanding perhaps than either.

In the formation of statues and graven images, they are supposed to surpass all the nations of Europe; for, in our own country, you know, this occupation was never much encouraged, because in the opinion of several serious Christians of the Presbyterian persuasion, it flies in the teeth of the second commandment.

The Italians are fond of music, to an astonishing, and even to an unwarrantable degree; the number of eunuchs which they employ at a great expence, is a pretty plain proof that they spare nothing to have their ears tickled; they even oblige them to sing in the very churches; yet surely they might find houses enough to keep concerts in, without profaning the house of God.

It must be confessed, that Italian music, when performed in a proper place, and on proper occasions, is very delightful to hear, though the best of it never thrilled through my heart so pleasing as the sweet melody of some of our own tunes.

It is not, dear A. in the appearance of the fields, or of the cities, nor in the customs and genius of the inhabitants, that the country where you reside, has the greatest advantage over this land of darkness, but in the important article of religion; which here consists almost entirely of external show and gewgawry, of bowing, courtesies, and various gesticulations, of fantastical dresses, processions, and other idle ceremonials, which are in no way connected with true piety, and altogether opposite to the simplicity of the gospel, which you, my dear friend, enjoy the inestimable privilege of hearing preached in its native purity and truth.

Having now briefly touched upon all the points, I must end this long letter, begging to be respectfully remembered to all inquiring friends on the water of Enrick; and so, my dear A, I remain your affectionate cousin,

N.

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## LOUIS XV.

MANY circumstances were united in that monarch to conciliate the affection and raise the hopes of the nation.

He was the only child of the virtuous duke of Burgundy, and Adelaide of Savoy, whose playful character is painted in such amiable colours by

the writers of that age. The Duke fell a sacrifice to the grief he felt for the untimely death of his princess; and the loss of both filled France, not only with that external mourning which is equally worn for princes at whose death the public rejoice, as for those they lament, but also with *real* sorrow.

The young king possessed likewise all the charms of comeliness of countenance and symetry of person: to these the people added, of course, all the best qualities of the head and heart.

Whatever share of the latter he had was soon rendered useless by indolence, and perverted by the corruption of a court.* He possessed not, like his great grandfather, that lofty reserve, which keep men at too great a distance to judge of

* The following anecdotes are as many proofs of the *apathy of Louis the XVth.*—Seeing from his window the funeral procession of Madame de Pompadour, of whom he had been so fond, he admired it much, and pulling out his watch, said: "It will arrive at Paris at ten o'clock."—When his faithful servant and confidant, Le Bel, died at Compeign, he simply asked where he was to be *buried.*—The marquis de Chauvelin who had for many years been his constant companion at the gaming-table, having supped with him at Madame du Barri's, and going to sit down to play, fell down dead close by the king; who, entirely unmoved, said to those who thought that by their assistance, he might recover, "don't you see that he is dead? That great beast was always stuffing himself; I always told him he would kill himself by eating." *Editors.*

the real worth of the object they contemplate.—With more weaknesses to conceal, he had less the power of concealing them; and the more the man was seen the less was the monarch esteemed.

He became devoted to an artful woman who governed the state with an unlimited sway, as his general had done the army. For though he had appeared at its head, he had never endeavoured to acquire any knowledge in the art of war.

Madame du Dubarry who succeeded the marchioness of Pompadour, was not so haughty and ambitious as her predecessor, and intermeddled less with the affairs of state. With all her good-humour and gaiety, she found it impossible, however, entirely to ward off the tedium to which a vacant mind is peculiarly exposed.

Although no man was ever more oppressed with mental indolence than Louis XV. he was fond to excess of bodily exercise, and passed great part of his time in hunting, from which he derived the double advantage of repelling the intrusions of reflection and obtaining sleep.

The wretched monarch was relieved from the burden of existence, by a disease which he had taken great pains to avoid, through the whole of his past life, and which he caught wantonly in his old age*. He died a memorable proof, that

* Louis XV. died at the age of sixty-five, of the small-pox, which he caught from a young woman, on whom that disease appeared soon after she had been with the king.

the united advantages of external gracefulness, riches, high birth, and quickness of apprehension, cannot preclude tedium or misery, and secure public esteem to those whose minds are incapable of laudable exertions.

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### OPINIONS NO CRIMES.

It is the business of government to controul men's actions, not their opinions; and those are recorded as the happiest times, in which the most uncontrolled freedom was allowed to the declaration of opinion. "Rara temporum felicitate," says the historian, "ubi sentire quæ velis, and quæ sentias dicere licet." All the terror of the tribunal of the Porte di Sopiri at Venice, cannot make one who thinks monarchy a preferable form of government to republicanism change his opinion; nor can all the thunder of the *ultima ratio regum* make a republican prefer monarchy. The utmost that severities can do is to make hypocrites; it is impossible for them to make converts. Opinion, so far from being under the power of other men's will, is not under a man's own; it is the offspring of his reason, well or ill-informed. Opinions, therefore cannot justly be imputed to any man as crimes. Even one of those bloody revolutionary judges in France, who examined one of their victims in the prison of the Abbaye at Paris, in September,

1792, was sensible of it. When that intrepid victim avowed himself a royalist, an universal murmur arose from the bloody circle who heard him, " ce n'est pas pour juger les opinions que nous sommes ici,"* said the judge; " c'est pour en juger les resultats."

Men of the greatest worth and virtue have had and always will have different speculative opinions on the different forms of government. Every man has a right to speculate on it as well as on any other subject, and while he confines himself to speculation, he is not the just object of punishment; but when, from speculation he proceeds to action, the case is totally different. The peace of society is not to be with impunity disturbed with insurrection; and the men against whom such action is proved become the just objects of punishment.

## PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF FRANCE,

When brought before a tribunal of atheists, proved what a degree of composure religion can communicate to a mind naturally timid, and to what elevation it can raise a mind naturally unassuming, Disdaining any concession which

* It is not to judge of men's opinions that we are here, but to judge of their actions.

might soften their cruelty, and despising the wrath which she knew her answer would excite; to the first interrogatory of the bloody court, what is your name? she greatly replied, "*my name is Elizabeth of France, sister to the monarch you murdered, and aunt to your present king.*"

## STAUNCH ROMAN CATHOLICS.

WHEN it was urged to a superstitious French peasant of the provinces that he ought to have no scruple at receiving the sacrament from a priest who had taken the oath, since the king himself had sanctioned the decree, "my body," said the peasant, "belongs to the king; but my soul belongs to the pope.*"

One of his neighbours having reproached another peasant, for having his child baptised by a priest who had taken the oath: "Why, my child seemed very weakly," replied the peasant, "and I was so much afraid of his dying without baptism, that I took the first priest I could get to secure the poor infant's soul at all events."

* The Pope had declared his positive disapprobation of the civil oath; being in his opinion a breach of that which a Roman Catholic Priest had taken at his ordination. In the full persuasion that so valuable a part of his property, as his soul, was at the pope's disposal; it is not surprising that this poor man was cautious of doing what his holiness disapproved of.

" But after what the pope has declared," said his neighbour, " does not your own soul run some risk for having employed one of those impious priests who disobey his holiness ?"—" I have time to repent and get absolution ;" rejoined the peasant; " whereas my poor innocent babe was in danger of slipping off in an instant without baptism or any chance of salvation.*"

### PRIDE AND MADNESS.

When the famous dutchess of Longueville, sister to the great Condé was dangerously ill, a poor woman, came bathed in tears, and with every mark of sorrow begged to know how the dutchess did; but the dutchess's favourite maid, being filled with indignation at the presumptuous grief of the woman, thrust her out of doors, telling her, " that it was the height of assurance in a low creature like her to be afflicted, or at all concerned, for the ill health of a princess."

### THE CASTLE AND THE MODERN COTTAGE ORNE.

The second is all harmony, and the first all horror. It recals to our memory those dismal

* Before the Revolution it was a received opinion even among the populace, that the ceremony of baptism is valid, although performed by a heretic; but at the period of the

times (heaven forbid they should ever return,) when family feuds, and the spirit of vengeance, excited the inhabitants against each other, and deluged this island with blood—and the former, brings back to our imagination, that golden age,* when according to Gresset—

Tous dans d'innocentes d'elices.
Unis par des noeuds pleins d'attraits,
Passoient leur jeunesse sans vices,
Et lenr vieillesse sans regrets.

LIVERIES AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

In Great Britain every tradesman is allowed to load his footmen with as rich liveries as the vanity of the master exacts, and his purse can afford; and for a moderate sum he may have what arms he pleases. Accordingly, it is impossible to pass through the city of London, without seeing on the carriages of grocers, brewers, bricklayers, contractors, and cheese-mongers, as many helmets, shields, and spears, as were in Godfrey's army at the siege of Jerusalem.

revolution, some of the peasantry were made to believe that to employ a priest who had taken the oaths was a mortal sin.

* Is it not unfortunate, that we have the authority of history for the truth of the horrible times of massacre and rapine: whereas, for the golden age, we have only the authority of the poets.

There are some mortified relicts and descendants of nobility who lament, as a grievous abuse, that the carriages which drag the awkward offspring and bloated garbage of the city to a ball or feast at the mansion-house, should be permitted to be as richly blazoned, as much admired by the ignorant, as those which convey the most ancient, and of course the purest blood of the realm to St. James's.

This no doubt is afflicting to the pride of a few honourable persons, both male and female, whose feelings may be the same, although their sex are different; but on the other hand, it ought to be considered, that all kind of encouragement should be given to trade in this commercial nation, and that the affliction above mentioned is in some degree compensated by the innocent pleasure which a foaming coat of arms affords to the wives and daughters of many respectable citizens, and to those respectable citizens themselves, who are more at a loss how to enjoy their fortune than they were to acquire it.

There is reason to suspect that this valuable art of enjoying riches was somewhat of a vanity even in the Augustan age, since Horace compliments his accomplished friend Albius Tibullus for possessing it:

Dî tibi divitias dederant, *artemque fruendi?*

To allow a free participation of the enjoyments which heraldry affords to every British subject, at a reasonable price, seems equitable:

abundance of examples prove that it affords pleasure to some, even after their age, conscience, and constitution have interdicted them from other pleasures.

## MISFORTUNE.

"THE loss of four hundred dollars, to one in your circumstances, must have been a dreadful misfortune."

"Their loss, was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me. I was obliged to pinch so hard to make it up, that I have thought myself in affluence ever since."

"You are a philosopher, and bear misfortunes with great fortitude."

"I have hardly had any to bear."

"I am surprised to hear you say so; for I have heard you lost near seven thousand dollars in the space of a month, being in a very persevering run of ill fortune."

"Thereabout."

"And what, in the devil's name, do you call that; a man who loses such a sum must think himself very unfortunate."

"Not if he previously won it all in the course of a week's play."

"That is not the usual way in which men calculate their own misfortunes."

It is the fair way, however; for the most fortunate man that ever existed, will be proved to be unfortunate, if you throw out all the lucky incidents of his life, and leave the unlucky behind.

## COURT OF SPAIN.

CHARLES the fourth, the present king of Spain, is of an athletic make, fond of exercise, temperate, as much attached to his Queen as the most constant of his predecessors ever were to theirs,* and as little given to jealousy as any man that ever existed.

* The kings of Spain have for many years been patterns of conjugal fidelity; and what is full as remarkable, none of them have been able to surpass in that virtue the prince who was called to their throne from the court of Versailles.

That monarch seems not to have wished for any other minister, friend, or companion, than his wife. He not only passed every night with her, but every day also—sick or well he never quitted her, and when affairs of state or etiquette required that others should be present, he always shewed marks of impatience till he could be alone with the queen. There never was such a miracle of constancy, yet his sorrow on account of the queen's death did not prevent his marrying again. A wife seems to have been almost a necessary of life for this prince: he was not, however, difficult with respect to the choice; that he left entirely to others. His second wife engrossed his attention, as much as his first had done. Nothing surprised this uxorious prince so much

Her majesty, who is a princess of Parma, has honoured several individuals with her distinguished patronage; and the men she has delighted to honour have generally become the king's ministers; for he has the highest opinion of her judgment in men as well as of her conjugal fidelity. To be distinguished by the queen's favour was likely of itself to rouse slander and create envy; but when to that all the power of the state was added, it may easily be imagined what increased activity and vigour must have been given to both: insinuations to her majesty's disadvantage were conveyed in notes laid on the king's plate, under his napkin, thrown into his coach, transmitted to him, or brought to his notice, by every means which envy could prompt, and malevolent ingenuity contrive, but all without producing the effect intended: he remains fully satisfied that his consort is as faithful to him as he is to her.

This well disposed monarch not only shuts his ears against the queen's calumniators, but he is averse from believing in the infidelity of married people in general; he considers adultery as one of the greatest crimes, and a belief of its frequency one of the most dangerous opinions that can prevail in this licentious age; because it tends

in the character of his countrymen, and particularly in that of his grandfather Louis the fourteenth of France, as that they should have so little taste for their own wives, and so much for those of other men.

to shake the reverence of children to their parents, and the loyalty of subjects to their sovereign, by suggesting that the blood-royal may have been adulterated by plebeian mixture: an idea which cannot fail to diminish the veneration due to it.

A thousand peculiarities respecting this prince, mark him as a good-natured man: subject to sudden fits of anger, he is quickly pacified, and impatient to make reparation to his attendants for whatever he has said or done during his passion, that was too violent or disobliging. When any of them falls sick, or meets with a disagreeable accident, he shows a degree of compassion and sympathy that is not common in princes.

He is said to be very little acquainted with business, though he regularly sits in council, with the queen at his side; and though his ministers are supposed to be selected by the queen, she is so observant of decorum, that she expresses no opinion in words while sitting in council; but they generally understand by her looks what she approves or disapproves, and they act accordingly.

Her countenance is more distinguished for penetration than for either beauty or good nature; yet she contrives to throw off its usual sourness when strangers are presented, and receives them with a smile, and the appearance of graciousness.

### COQUETRY.

It is often said that a coquette may be a virtuous woman; that she only amuses herself by attracting the attention of men, and deceiving them with false hopes. I am not now speaking of that playful and thoughtless coquetry which has no object beyond drawing a little admiration; of that species of coquetry, nothing need be said, but that it is sometimes a dangerous game. But of the other kind of coquetry, my opinion is very different.—Deceiving men with false hopes! —hopes of what nature!—Can that be an occupation for a virtuous woman!—I think that a woman of the town is a vast deal more reprehensible.

### CHANCE AMATEUR.

A GENTLEMAN who had no taste for the fine arts was asked by a limner in distress, whom he accidentally met, to let him paint his portrait, or that of any of his friends for a moderate sum. The gentleman took the painter home in his carriage, saying, that, "as for his own face it was not worth painting, but that he should like to have the portrait of a worthy friend of his, who, he feared was in a declining way."—That friend was an old welch poney, who had carried him up and down the mountains of Wales for above a dozen

years; and who, he asserted had done him more essential services than any friend he had. The portrait of the horse was painted accordingly: it was thought so like, that the artist received double the sum bargained for. The amateur hung it up in his parlour, and never looked at it after the death of the original, without a sigh, and a short panegyric on his excellent qualities.

## MALIGNANT FEVERS.

THERE is good reason to believe, from history and authentic records, that malignant fevers were formerly more frequent, more universal, and raged with greater violence in Europe in general, and in this island particularly, than they have done of late.

This is generally imputed to the streets and houses of most of the cities, and of London in particular, being more spacious, dry, and airy.

From their being infinitely more cleanly in consequence of the new method of paving.

From the inhabitants not being so much crowded together.

From their being more cleanly in their houses and persons.

From the poor in particular being more commodiously lodged, more salubriously nourished, and better taken care of in all respects.

From the disease being more judiciously treated by medical practitioners in general. And, above all,

From our knowledge of the virtues of the Peruvian bark.

During the civil wars in Charles the First's time, this fever raged with destructive violence in the camps, and degenerated into an absolute plague in the capital, and in other parts of England.

Some of the circumstances which have a tendency to spread this disease, and render it more malignant and pestilential prevail, it will be said, in a greater degree in Scotland than in England; yet the latter has been more frequently subject to pestilential and malignant fevers than the former, and when this calamity last raged with so much violence in the southern parts of the island, it was little felt in the northern, which naturally may be imputed to the mountainous nature and northerly situation of Scotland; the one exposing the atmosphere to a brisker ventilation: and the other bracing the fibres of the inhabitants by frosts of longer duration.*

* To prevent the Scots from being too much elated with this or any other advantage, they have never wanted "d——d good-natured friends," who, without grudging them, either their storms or their frosts, are fond of reminding them of every circumstance that may tend to moderate their pride, and who fail not to remark, that if their country is less subject

INFECTIOUS ATMOSPHERE.

THE human constitution, by degrees habituated itself to this kind of atmosphere, so as at length to become little susceptible of infection, even where very infectious diseases prevail. Physicians and surgeons who are much accustomed to attend the sick, and nurses who live almost constantly in hospitals, are not near so apt to be affected by impure air, or by contagion, as others.*

"LE CRIME FAIT LA HONTE, ET NON PAS L'ECHAFFAUD."

No maxim was more admired, or oftener quoted by the French than this fine verse of one of their poets, yet before the constitution of 1791, which has removed an old prejudice stronger in France than in any other country, a public

to pestilence, it is more exposed to famine than England. This circumstance affords those of their neighbours, who are not less fond of a joke upon account of its age, a great advantage over the Scots in repartee.

* Experiments have been made of gradually accustoming mice and other animals to foul air, from which it appears that they come at length, to live without inconveniency in air which proves almost immediately fatal to animals of the same species, taken directly from the common atmosphere and who have never been so habituated.

execution was considered as dishonouring the whole family. Most fortunate it is for private families that this precaution was thought of, otherwise they are very few in France, who would not at present be considered as dishonoured.

LIBERTY

WOULD be a greater blessing to a people who have long been in servitude, if it could be given by degrees: when it is obtained too suddenly, instead of being salutary, it is sometimes noxious—like victuals served up in profusion to men half famished, the consequence of which is often surfeit, and sometimes death.

RELIGION.

HONESTY is not always considered as essentially connected with religion. To infuse the spirit of benevolence, and prevail on men to regulate their actions by strict integrity, is a more difficult task than to persuade them to the performance of certain ceremonies, by which they compensate for a failure in moral duties. The vulgar mind cannot imagine that the Deity is not better pleased with pompous processions in honour of himself, than simple fair dealing of men with each other. The speediest way of

convincing the multitude is, by inflaming their passions. It is generally fruitless, and sometimes not very safe, to endeavour to persuade them that their ceremonies of religion are of little profit without probity.

INSOLENCE

RAISES stronger indignation than even injustice; for no better reason than because pride is less wounded by the one than the other. For the same reason, a continual observance of little attentions makes more friends than real services. Real services relieve our wants, attentions flatter our pride: our wants are removed, our pride remains.

DUMOURIER

POSSESSES the peculiar vivacity of air and manner that distinguishes the natives of France. I understand, that he is remarkably entertaining and amiable in conversation;* that, though he has indulged in pleasure, and yielded to dissipation, yet he is capable of the most indefatigable exertion, both of body and mind; that he

* I have been positively assured by Lady W——; that Dumourier is one of the most *pleasing* characters in existence. THE ENGLISH EDITOR.

has always been fonder of pleasure than of money, and ever ready to sacrifice both for renown. His enemies, who allow that he possesses great acuteness of mind, and the most unshaken courage, throw doubts upon his steadiness in other respects.

BASIL

Is larger than any town in Switzerland.—The inhabitants seem to be uncommonly afraid of thieves, most of the windows being guarded by iron bars or grates, like those of convents or prisons.

At the lower end of many windows projecting toward the street, there is a round glass of about half a foot diameter in the middle; people within, without being seen, sit at the window and thus amuse themselves by looking at the passengers. They are mostly occupied by the ladies.

The inhabitants of Basil seem to be of a reserved and saturnine disposition. They are uncommonly serious and formal in their manner.

The library is much esteemed, and reckoned particularly rich in manuscripts.

At the arsenal is shown the armour in which Charles Duke of Burgundy was killed.

In the town house is a famous painting, supposed to have been executed under the auspices of the famous council, which sat so many years, and voted so intrepidly against the Pope. In

this piece the devil is represented driving the Pope and several ecclesiastics before him to hell.

Here are many pictures of Hans Holbens, a native of that town. The most admired of all his works is a suite of small pieces in different compartments, representing the passions and sufferings of our Saviour. In these the colours remain with wonderful vivacity.

The colours of Holben's death's dance, represented upon the walls of a dismal gallery, have long been exposed to the air, are now quite faded. That can scarcely be regretted, for the plan of the piece is so wretched, that the finest execution could hardly prevent it from giving disgust.

In this city all the clocks are an hour advanced. This singularity is of three or four hundred years standing, and what is as singular as the custom itself, the origin of it is not known.

The most popular story is, that, about 400 years ago, the city was threatened with an assault at sun-rise. The artist, who had the care of the large clock of the tower, having heard that the attack was to begin when it should strike one after midnight, caused it to be altered, and it struck two in stead of one; thinking they were an hour too late, the enemy gave up the attempt; and in commemoration of this deliverance the clock has ever since been kept an hour on advance.

## TRAINEAU PARTIES

MAY be reckoned among the winter amusements of Germany. These can take place in the time of frost only, and when there is a considerable quantity of snow upon the ground.

A traineau is a machine in the shape of a horse, lion, swan, or in that of a griffin, unicorn, or in some other fanciful form, without wheels, but made below like a sledge, for the conveniency of sliding over the snow. Some are gilded, and otherwise ornamented, according to the whim of the proprietor. A pole stands up from one side, to which an ensign or flag is fastened, which waves over the heads of those placed on the machine. The lady, wrapped in fur, sits before, and the gentleman stands behind on a board made for that purpose.

The whole is drawn by two horses, which is either conducted by a postillion, or driven by the gentleman. The horses are gaudily ornamented, and have bells hanging from the trappings, which cover them.

The party consists generally of many traineaus, each attended by two or three servants on horseback with flambeaux.—This amusement is taken when it begins to grow dark.—One traineau takes the lead, the rest follow at a convenient distance in a line, and drive for two or three hours through the principal streets and squares of the town.—The horses go at a brisk

rate; The motion of the traineau is easy and agreeable; and the bells, ensigns, and torches make a very gay and showy appearance.

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### SWISS PEASANTS.

THEY are the tallest and most robust I have ever seen. Their dress is very particular. They have little round hats, like those worn by the Dutch skippers.—Their coats and waistcoats are all of a kind of coarse black cloth; their breeches are made of linen, something like sailors' trowsers; but drawn together in plaits below the knees, and the stockings are of the same stuff with the breeches.

The women wear short jackets, with a great superfluity of buttons. The unmarried women value themselves on the length of their hair, which they separate into two divisions, and allow to hang at its full length, braided with ribbands in the ramillie fashion.—After marriage, these tresses are no longer permitted to hang down; being twisted round the head in spiral lines, they are fixed at the crown with large silver pins.

Married and unmarried, wear straw hats, ornamented with black ribbands. So far the women's dress is becoming enough, but they have an awkward manner of fixing their petticoat so high as to leave hardly any waist. This encroachment of the petticoat upon the waist, mightily deforms the appearance of the whole

person. The elegant figure of the Venus de Medicis would be annihilated under such a preposterous load of dress.

## SWITZERLAND.

No country in the world can be more agreeable to travellers during the summer. For besides the commodious roads and comfortable inns, some of the most beautiful objects of nature, woods, mountains, lakes intermingled with fertile fields, vineyards, and scenes of the most perfect cultivation are here presented to the eye in greater variety, and on a larger scale, than in any other country.*

* We have here contrasted the opinion of Mr. Brydone respecting this delightful country with that of Dr. Moore; in the two paragraphs there is a striking coincidence of sentiment.

"Who would not leave, with rapture, the parched fields of Italy for the quiet and delightful cool mountains of *Switzerland*; where liberty and simplicity long since banished from polished nations, still flourish in their original purity;—where the temperature and moderation of the climate and that of the inhabitants are mutually emblematical of each other: For whilst other nations are scorched by the heat of the sun, and the still more scorching heats of tyranny and superstition; here the genial breezes for ever fan the air, and heighten that alacrity and joy which liberty and innocence alone can inspire;—here the genial flow of the soul has never been yet checked by the idle and useless refinements of the arts, but opens and expands itself to all the calls of affection and benevolence.

SENSIBILITY AND FEROCITY.

MONSIEUR de Bertrand, a knight of Malta was brought at midnight, on the third of September 1792, before the dreadful tribunal in the prison of the abbaye. He is a man of great coolness and firmness of mind, which was of infinite service to him in this emergency. When he was questioned, he answered with an undisturbed voice and countenance, " that he had not the least idea of what he had been arrested for, that those who arrested him could not inform him, that nobody had informed him since, and that he was convinced he had been taken up by mistake."

Struck with the cool and undaunted manner in which he addressed them, the judges ordered him to be released. Two men covered with blood, who had been employed in killing the prisoners, seemed surprised but not displeased at the unusual order. They conducted him through the court of the abbaye, and on the way asked if he had any relation to whose house he wished to go. He answered, that he had a sister-in-law, to whom he intended to go directly.

" How very much surprised and delighted must she be to see you," said they—" I am persuaded she will," replied Mr. Bertrand.

One of them asked the other if he should not be glad to be present at this meeting; to which he eagerly said he should; and both declared

that they had a curiosity to be witnesses to the joyful meeting.

The gentleman was astonished and embarrassed: he represented that his relation being a delicate woman, their appearance might very much alarm her; that he could not think of giving them such trouble.

They urged they would wait in the parlour till he had avertised the lady of their being in the house, to prevent her being alarmed: that so far from being a trouble, it would give them great pleasure to accompany him, that they wished to have relaxation from the work they had been so long employed in.

M. Bertrand did not think it prudent to refuse such petitioners any longer.—They accompanied him to the house. He sent the servant, who opened the door at the sound of his voice, to advertise the lady that he was arrived and well. He afterwards went himself, and informed her of the fancy of the two men. Every body in the family had flocked around him with expressions of joy. The two men were admitted, and were witnesses to the happiness that all manifested: they seemed much gratified and affected at the sight; it formed the strongest contrast with those they had so lately seen. M. Bertrand offered them money, which they would on no account accept; declaring that they were already paid for accompanying him in the only way they de-

sired. After remaining a considerable time, they took their leave, wishing the lady and M. Bertrand all happiness.

I know no theory by which can be explained the dispositions of sensibility and ferocity, which, from this narrative, appear in the same individuals. I repeat the facts as I have them from authority. They form a new instance of the astonishing variety, and even opposition of character to be found in that wonderful creature, MAN.

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## "PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES."

No maxim of holy writ seems to have made less impression on mankind than this. In spite of their numerous disappointments, the highest expectations are always formed by the populace of the heir-apparent of the throne. History hardly makes mention of one who died young, who is not said to have possessed all the virtues of humanity. Of how many Marcelli have we heard, each more blooming than the other, whose wonderful spring of talents promised the most astonishing harvest! Even the monster Caligula was, when a boy, the favourite of the Roman army; and, if for the good of mankind, he had died then, the world would probably have been told by some poet or historian, that he was

just shewn to the earth,* which being unworthy of him, he was soon carried to heaven.

### AURA EPILEPTICA

Is a sensation which some epileptics have, previous to every fit: some describe it like a current of fresh air, flowing slowly, others like an insect moving or creeping upwards from the extremities of the body to the head, where it no sooner arrives than the patient becomes insensible; and falls into an epileptic fit. His first sensation is generally felt at one particular point; and we may presume there is some disorder in that point from the circumstance of the *Aura's* beginning there.—The disease may be radically cured by destroying the part: when this cannot be safely done, the fit may be prevented by a ligature applied above the part where the *Aura* arises.

### HEIDELBERG

Is situated in a hollow, on the banks of the Neckar, and is surrounded by charming hills perfectly cultivated.

* Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata.

More chearful scenes of exuberant fertility are to be seen no where than along the fine chain of hills which begin near this town. The summit of these hills are crowned with trees, and their sides and bottoms are cloathed with vines.

The elector's castle is placed on an eminence, which commands the town, and a view of the valley below.* In the castle is to be seen the renowned Heidelberg tun.

The inhabitants of the palatinate are partly Protestants and partly Roman catholics, who live here in harmony with each other. The great church at Heidelberg is divided into two apartments, in one of which the Protestants, and in the other the Papists perform public worship: —A singular instance of the moderation and coolness of people's minds with regard to a subject that inflamed them so violently in the days of their ancestors.

The lives and manners of the inhabitants of this city seem to be as uniform and formal as the streets and buildings. No noise, mob, or bus-

* The castle itself is unfortunately commanded by another eminence too near it, from which this noble building was cannonaded when the whole palatine was pillaged and burnt in consequence of that cruel order of Louis XIV. too literally executed by Turenne.—The particulars of that dismal scene have been transmitted from father to son, and are still spoken of with horror by the peasantry of this country, among whom the French nation is held in detestation to this day.

tle; at mid-day every thing is as calm and quiet as the streets of London at mid-night.

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BEGGARS.

THOSE heroes who founded the liberty of Holland took the name of *Gueux*, (beggars); and they would have no other title, because the pride of their tyrants made them imagine they would be lowered by it; and that very title by attaching to them that immense class which aristocracy and despotism vilify, became at once their strength, their glory, and the pledge of their success. The friends of liberty chose their name which would best serve her cause, not that which was most flattering to themselves."

*N. B. This observation is to be found in one of Mirabeau's speeches.*

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD

WAS first demonstrated by Dr. Harvey, about the beginning of the last century; a discovery which has rendered his name immortal, and reflected lustre on the English nation. Envy could not quietly bear that so much honour should fall to the share of any individual. That she might have the pleasure of tearing them from the brows of Harvey, she was willing to adorn the

busts of the ancients with his laurels. The first attack that Harvey's enemies made upon his fame was by asserting that the circulation of the blood was known to the ancients. But if the ancients knew it, how came those learned gentlemen who tell us so, to have been ignorant of it? Finding that this attack did not succeed, it was next insinuated that Harvey's more immediate predecessors, Vesalius, Serverus, and others, had cleared the road, and pointed it out so clearly that he could not miss it. They had done so much, they say, that they had left him *little* to do. How infinitely absurd to call that *little* which those very men whose genius and acuteness are described as *prodigious*, could not accomplish, and which escaped the penetration of all the anatomists, physicians, and philosophers that the world produced, till Harvey made the happy discovery,—a discovery not made as many useful arts have been discovered, *by accident*, but in consequence of deep reflection and careful investigation, by weighing and comparing facts, drawing inferences from the discoveries of others, which their authors were unable to do, and advancing step by step to that important demonstration which has justly reflected so much honour on the discoverer himself, and has added dignity to the name of an Englishman.

### POPULARITY

In Great Britain is of more consequence to a gentleman or nobleman, than it was in France before the Revolution, or is at present in Germany and other European countries. There are many, no doubt, who would shew attention and hospitality to their neighbours in the lower ranks of life, from the mere sentiments of benevolence and generosity; but it has been observed, that nothing has more influence in keeping those sentiments alive in the bosom of the great, than their having something to ask or expect from the favour of the little. This is the case in England at least once in seven years.

### NATIVE COUNTRY.

That expression presents itself to the mind, decorated with many ideas from the wardrobe of the imagination. To tell men they have disgraced their country, is the most bitter of all reproaches; to say that they have done it honour, is the most soothing of all praises. The officer on the day of battle is sensible of this; and to rouse to the utmost efforts those under his command he reminds them that they are *fighting for their country*. That simple sentence contains all the magic of eloquence. Conjuring up the ideas of protecting our property, our homes, the abodes of our forefathers, the beloved scenes of our

earliest pleasures and first affections, it implies defending from outrage our constitution, our religion, all that is valuable and endearing, our friends, parents, wives and children. The love of our country is mentioned with the love of fame by the Roman poet, as the feeling of a noble mind.

" Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido."

It not only excites to virtuous exertions during life, but a soothing recollection in death:

" —— Dulces moriens reminiscitur argos."

## VOLTAIRE.

THIS extraordinary person has contrived to excite more curiosity, and to retain the attention of Europe for a longer space of time, than any other man this age has produced, monarch's and heroes included.

His person is that of a skeleton; but this skeleton, this composition of skin and bone, has a look of more spirit and vivacity than is generally produced by flesh and blood, however blooming and youthful.

The most piercing eyes I ever beheld are those of Voltaire, now in his eightieth year.—His whole countenance is expressive of genius, observation, and extreme sensibility. An air of irony never entirely forsakes his face, but

may always be observed lurking in his features, whether he frowns or smiles.

By far the greatest part of his time is spent in his study, and whether he reads himself, or listens to another, he always has a pen in his hand, to take notes or make remarks. Composition is his principal amusement. No author who writes for daily bread, no young poet ardent for distinction, is more assiduous with his pen, or more anxious for fresh fame, than the wealthy and applauded Seigneur of Ferney.

He lives in a very hospitable manner, and has generally some visitors from Paris, so that there is a constant rotation of society at Ferney. The forenoon is not a proper time to visit Voltaire. He cannot bear to have his hours of study interrupted. This alone is sufficient to put him out of humour. At supper, when surrounded by his friends, and animated by the presence of women, he seems to enjoy life with all the sensibility of youth: his genius then surmounts the restraints of age and infirmity, and flows along in a fine strain of pleasing, spirited observation, and delicate irony.

Considered as a master, Voltaire appears in a very amiable light. He is affable, humane, and generous to his tenants and dependants. He loves to see them prosper, and takes part in their private and domestic concerns, with the attention of a patriarch.

If he has been the author of severe satire, he

also has been the object of a great deal. When he has not been irritated as a writer, he appears a good-humoured man, and, in particular instances, displays a true philanthropy.

Happy, if this extraordinary man had confined his genius to its native home, to the walks which the muses love; and that he had never deviated from these into the thorny paths of impiety!

I have heard much of Voltaire's great contrition and repentance, when he had reason to believe his end approaching; but I have been assured by his friends, that in sickness he never discovered any fear of death. Though this conduct is not to be justified, yet it has consistency and firmness.

While the edge of Voltaire's ridicule is turned against persecution and hypocrisy, the most virtuous applaud; but his misfortune of not being a believer in Christianity cannot excuse his attempts to turn into ridicule the established religion of his country. One, among many peculiarities of this author is, that he treats Christianity with becoming respect in his dramas, and that some of his plays are at once the most moral and religious of his works.

Distinguished for wit, and a happiness of expression which baffles imitation, the writings of Voltaire have contributed much to form the taste, bias the opinion of the age, and root out many old prejudices, supported by the self-inte-

rest of a few, and the ignorance of the multitude. They are more universally read than the works of any other author; because to borrow the words of one who knew him well, they possess: "le precieux avantage d' être toujours clair et "simple, sans jamias être insipide, et d'être lu "avec un egal plaisir, et par le peuple des lec- "tures et par l'elite des philosophes *.

* The precious advantage of being always clear and simple, without ever being insipid, and of being read with equal pleasure by a person of plain common sense, and by a pilosopher.

We have met with the following criticism, on the writings of Voltaire, in an interesting work, called *Literary Leisure*. It has appeared to us so just, that we have thought it would be agreeable to our readers. "Voltaire, "who wished to be thought an universal genius, as he at- "tempted every kind of writing, is completely a *mannerist*, "and every one of his works, be it grave or gay, historical, "ironical, argumentative, or poetical, bears, what is ex- "pressively called, *Le Sceau de Voltaire*. Voltaire had "perhaps a *genius*, as it is called, only for irony: this "talent he possessed in the strongest degree; but Voltaire "must not rest his future fame on any other of the nume- "rous qualifications he laid claim to. As a poet, perhaps, "the genius of his language, rather than any deficiency in "himself, prevented him from rising above mere medio- "crity! But as an historian, a philosopher, and, above "all, a philologist, his claims to universal genius are very "ill-founded."

Dr. Moore has not mentioned Voltaire's enmity to *Rousseau*, which can be ascribed to nothing but envy.

BERN

Is a regular well-built town, with some air of magnificence. The houses are of a fine white free-stone, and pretty uniform. There are piazzas on each side, with a walk raised four feet above the level of the street; very commodious in wet weather.

A small branch of the Aar has been turned into this street, and, being confined to a narrow channel in the middle, which has a considerable slope, it runs with great rapidity, and without being a disagreeable object of itself, is of great service in keeping the street clean.

Another circumstance contributes to render this town one of the most cleanly towns in Europe. Criminals are employed in removing rubbish from the streets and public walks. The more atrocious delinquents are chained to waggons, while those who are condemned for smaller crimes are employed in sweeping the light rubbish into the rivulet; and throwing the heavier into the carts or waggons, which their more criminal companions are obliged to push or draw along. People of both sexes are condemned to this labour for months, years, or for life, according to the nature of their crimes.

The public buildings at Bern, as the hospital, the granary, the guard-house, the arsenal, and the churches, are magnificent. There is a very elegant building, with accommodations, for many

public amusements, such as balls, concerts, and theatrical entertainments, which are seldom permitted. There are also apartments for private societies and assemblies.

In the library, besides the books, there are a few antique and some other curiosities.

In the arsenal, nothing interested me so much as the figures of the brave Switzers, who first took up arms against tyranny, and that of William Tell, who is represented aiming at the apple on his son's head. The arms taken from the Burgundians in the various battles which established the liberty of Switzerland are displayed here; also the figure of the General of Bern, who in the year 1536, conquered the pays de Vaud from Charles III. Duke of Savoy; and if they have no trophies to shew of a later date, I am convinced it is because they are too poor and too wise to aim at any extension of dominion; and because all the neighbouring powers are at length become sensible that the nature of their country and their personal valour have rendered the Swiss as unconquerable, as from political considerations, they are averse to attempt conquests *.

* That mad revolutionary fury which has lately stricken at once at the cottage and the palace, at laws and governments, at republics and empires, that direful plague could alone overthrow the truth of Dr. Moore's reflection. The once happy and peaceful Helvetia has been also the theatre

## SOLICITUDE ABOUT HEALTH.

ALL persons who are needlessly and whimsically solicitous about the state of their health, are as certain to be governed by physicians or apothecaries, as bigots are by priests and father confessors. Who can but feel a strong aversion to the company of those who are eternally speaking of their complaints past, present, and to come? Few things seem to others so oppressive; one cannot but be highly pleased with what a captain of the navy once said, in spite of the severe shock which his constitution received by a long residence in the West-Indies; he retained all his natural cheerfulness; and on

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of the numberless devastations, which, without shame or remorse, the French Directory have committed.—Bern has been invaded and plundered by the French armies. Her treasure, her public funds, her arsenal, have been delapidated by French rapaciousness. The glorious and antique trophies of her ancient victories have been stolen.—— Never was there a more unjust aggression—Never were employed more perfidious means. History will stigmatize, with an everlasting reproach and execration, those monsters who have prepared, and those traitors who have contributed to the ruin of that delightful country, and sown, in her once peaceful bosom, those dire and eternal seeds of discord and civil war, which have for five years torn, and will long tear, her vitals. For men born independent and free, cannot patiently bear the chains of slaves.——Great God! alleviate the past and present misfortune of Switzerland: cast upon that unhappy land a protecting and benignant look.—Thy goodness of old granted her an happy freedom—renew, for the sons of Helvetia, that invaluable blessing.——*The Swiss Editor.*

a friend observing to him, that he never heard him complain of his health,—" Nor never shall," replied he, " that being a subject that would " give my friends pain : I reserve it for those " to whom it may, perhaps, afford pleasure, " and speak of it only to the doctors."

This habit (for it is entirely a habit, which, like others, increases by indulgence) is more odious in women than in men. Were sentence of immediate marriage to be pronounced on me, I should beg in mercy to be coupled to a woman who never had heard that nerves, veins, arteries, or bile, formed any part of her composition.

Dr. P——, a man of penetration, versed in the sciences, and disdaining the mummery of his profession, assures, that few things are more pernicious than such topics of discourse, and nothing more infectious to young women than the sight of others under what are called nervous attacks. He declares, that he hath once known a whole boarding-school thrown into fits, by the example of one hysterical girl. Some he conceived to be really so affected, others were suspected of acting the part, to be excused from some task, or, perhaps, merely with a view to become an object of attention and sympathy.

Upon a just estimation, the internal faculties of the most intelligent of the brute creation will be found at a prodigious distance beneath those of men.

There is no æra of greater brightness than another in the history of any animal but man; all from the earliest records of time, to the present moment, is one uniform period of far greater darkness than any recorded in the annals of mankind.

If it is urged, that there may have been some unrecorded æra of human society, wherein men were in a state of equal darkness, it must be allowed that they have emerged out of it, which equally proves the great superiority of their nature.

Speech, that wonderful faculty by which men convey to each other every emotion of their heart, and every idea of their mind, is natural to all the human race, even to the most uncultivated negro and savage, but is unknown to the wisest of all other animals. Is this owing to a defect in the organs of speech?—No. In some animals those organs seem sufficiently capable of it, and some have been taught to pronounce sentences, but none to understand what they pronounced; for language implies a series of connected ideas superior to what any animal but man seems able to attain.

How comes it, that with so much sagacity and reflection, as some people contend some animals possess, the strongest and the shrewdest among them have not made the weaker and less intelligent subservient to their use? How comes it that the most uncultivated of the human species have, from the beginning of time, made the most powerful and knowing of the brute creation subservient to theirs? If, by his external form, man has some advantages over them, by forming an alliance, they might soon over-balance this, and free themselves from subjection. What human force could stand against an allied army of lions, elephants, and eagles, if they had judgment to use their superior powers?

Even attention to their young, the most universal and most amiable part of the character of irrational animals, seems independent of sentiment and reflection, and to proceed from the blind impulse which prompts them to the choice of plants in sickness, to accumulate provisions, and build cells; for after a short period those young are entirely neglected, and no trace of affection, or the smallest tender recollection, seems any longer to subsist between the parent and the child.

How different is this from the sensations of the human species, where the father and mother feel their youth restored, and their existence multiplied in their children; who encourage their exertions, and support them under disappoint-

ment; whose chief happiness depends on the prosperity of their offspring, and who feel the approach of age without sadness, while the evening of their lives is brightened by the rising reputation of their children.

Thus, when we turn our reflections to the reasoning faculties of man, and the endowments of the human soul, the distance between this and the highest intelligence of any other animal is infinite.

The only advantage that other animals can be supposed to have over man is, that being excluded by their nature from all mental enjoyments, they are also secured from all the pains and disquietudes that proceed from the same source; but to acquire an exemption from disquietude, at the expence of being equally exempted from all the delicate feelings of the mind, and affections of the heart, is a purchase which I hope no honest mind will ever be willing to make. *

* An ingenious lady, Mrs. Greville, in a celebrated ode to Indifference, seems, however, desirous of the exchange; but the most scrupulous observers of truth on other occasions are permitted to be insincere in poetry.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH LOYALTY.

It will be acknowledged that no people ever displayed more attachment to the person, or more zeal for the glory of their monarchs, whether they were of worthless characters, like Henry III. or of benevolent ones, like Louis XVI. than the French have always done, as long as the monarch has had the address or good fortune to retain his power. While the power of the prince flourishes, the loyalty of the subject shines green as the laurel, and stands firm as a rock; but when his power is in decay, their loyalty withers with it, and shakes like the poplar leaf. The events of the late dreadful revolution in France afford cause of suspicion that the French loyalty was at no time in *reality* so much, as it was in *appearance*.

The people of England have been accused by their neighbours of possessing but a very moderate portion of loyalty; and what little they have is said to be of a very cold and phlegmatic nature. James II, however, was one of the most unpopular princes that ever sat on their throne: he provoked them to the highest degree, by perfidious designs against their liberty, and open attacks on their religion; yet when the sunshine of his prosperity was overcast with the blackest clouds of adversity; when his favourites, his relations, his very children forsook him; and when, endeavouring to fly from the storm, he

was stopped, and brought back a prisoner to his capital; how was this ungracious king, thus overwhelmed with calamity, received by the English people? They were so much moved with compassion for his unhappy fate, so much affected with the sight of distressed royalty, that they forgot the king's misconduct by contemplating his misfortunes; the excess of his misery operated in his favour, as if it had been virtue: and the dying embers of loyalty began to revive within their breasts, and to glow with more fervour than ever.

Such was the impression which the misfortunes of James made on the hearts of the inhabitants of the southern parts of this island. As for those of the north, so far was the attachment of his friends there from depending on his prosperity, that their steady, though ill-placed, loyalty, never was more firm; nor were they ever more ready to shed their blood in his cause and that of his posterity, than after they were wretched exiles abandoned by all the rest of the world.

It is an old observation, and what might be of use to sovereigns in estimating the sincerity of the attachment of those around their persons, that the same disposition which renders men obsequious to prosperity, and servile to power, is apt to make them neglectful of the unfortunate, and insolent to power. No nation ever pushed both extremes farther than the French in their behaviour to their kings in these opposite situa-

tions : at present, they deride other nations for their attachment to monarchy. Formerly, when they themselves displayed an abject servility to their kings, they described the English as barbarians for resisting the tyranny of the house of Stuart, and for claiming freedom. If France had not been distracted with internal as well as external commotions in the time of Charles I. he would have supported the cause of the monarch against the people of England. Boileau wrote an ode expressly against the English nation, of which the following are two stanzas.

Quoi ! ce peuple aveugle en son crime,
Qui prennant son Roi pour victime,
Fit du trône un theatre affreux,
Pense-til que le ciel, complice
D'ùn si funeste sacrifice,
N'a pour lui ni foudre ni feux?

Armes-toi France, prends la foudre,
C'st à toi de réduire en poudre
Ces sanglans eunemis des loix,
Suis la victoire qui t'appelle
Et vas sur ce peuple rébelle
Venger la querelle des Rois.

If the restoration had not taken place, there is little reason to doubt but that the monarch would have followed the poet's advice.

## *" Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam,"**

NOTHING is a more general subject of ridicule than for people who have not been bred to a particular profession to presume to have knowledge of it, or to hold opinions contrary to those of men of the profession who are supposed to have studied the subject. The folly of this is pretty universally allowed when the case is stated in general; but it is astonishing what a number think themselves individually exceptions to the general rule, and make no scruple of disputing with a physician on medicine, with a barrister on law, or even with a clergyman on divinity; while they laugh at any other person who, like themselves, has not been educated to those professions, for doing the same.

The maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, seems more just, however, when applied to such professions as require mechanical exertion only, than when applied to such as require exertions of the mind: for long habit is more necessary for the attainment of excellence in the mechanical arts, than in those which depend on the power and extent of the understanding. A man, however ingenious, who would attempt to make a common chair, without having been bred a carpenter, would certainly succeed much worse than one accustomed to the trade, though far

* " Keep to your own province;"—the words of Apelles to a cobler.

his inferior in ingenuity; because the power of using the fingers and applying the tools with dexterity is to be acquired by frequent use and long habit only. But the mind is more flexible than the muscles. A man who has been in the habit of reflecting and reasoning all his life will reason better, even on a new subject, than another of a narrower understanding who has been accustomed to investigate it. Few things are supposed to require a greater number of talents, and more strength of understanding, than the art of commanding an army, and conducting a campaign: yet the late American war, and that with France in a still more striking manner demonstrate, that it is not absolutely necessary to be bred to the military profession to enable men of great natural acuteness and strong understanding to excel in it.

The business of a statesman, is thought, above all others, to require superior talents, and much experience; yet the first have been found to succeed without the second. Instances might be given of the affairs of a great nation being conducted, for a series of years, in the most prosperous manner, by men of little or no experience, and whose measures were not rendered more prosperous by experience when it was acquired.

For my own part, I admire the French Melpomene more in the closet than on the stage.—I cannot be reconciled to the French actors of tragedy. Their pompous manner of declaiming seems to me very unnatural. The strut and superb gestures, and what they call a maniere noble, of their boasted Le Kain, appear in my eyes, a little outré.

The justness, the dignified simplicity, the energy of Garrick's action, have destroyed my relish for any manner different from his. That exquisite but concealed art, that magic power, by which he could melt, freeze, terrify the soul, and command the obedient passions, as he pleased, we look for in vain, upon our own, or any other stage.

What Horace said of nature may be applied with equal justness to that unrivalled actor.

> ——— Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
> Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducitand angit.

One of the most difficult things in acting is, the player's concealing himself behind the character he assumes: the instant the spectator gets a peep of him, the whole illusion vanishes, and the pleasure is succeeded by disgust. In Œdi-

* A renowned French tragedian, who died, we believe, about ten years ago.

pus, Mahomet, and Orosmane, I have always detected Le Kain; but I have seen the English Roscius represent Hamlet, Lear, Richard, without recollecting that there was such a person as Garrick in the world.

The French tragedians are apt to *overstep the modesty of nature.* Nature is not the criterion by which their merit is to be tried. The audience measures them by a more sublime standard, and if they come not up to that, they cannot pass muster.

Natural action and a natural elocution, they seem to think incompatible with dignity, and imagine that the hero must announce the greatness of his soul by supercilious looks, haughty gestures, and a hollow sounding voice. Such easy familiar dialogue as Hamlet holds with his old school-fellow Horatio, appears to them low, vulgar, and inconsistent with the dignity of tradegy.

But if simplicity of manners be not inconsistent in real life, with genius, and the most exalted greatness of mind, I do not see why the actor, who represents a hero, should assume gestures which we have no reason to think were ever in use in any age, or among any rank of men.

### LAUSANNE.

Is the capital of the charming country situated along the side of the lake of Geneva, called the Pays de Vaud, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Savoy, but is now under the dominion of the Canton of Bern.

This city is situated near the lake. As the nobility from the country, and from some parts of Switzerland, and the families of several officers, who have retired from service, reside here, there is an air of more ease and gaiety (perhaps also of more politeness) in the societies of Lausanne than in those of Geneva; at least this is firmly believed and asserted by all the nobles of this place, who consider themselves greatly superior to the citizens of Geneva. These, on the other hand, talk a good deal of the poverty, frivolousness, and ignorance of those same nobility, and make no scruple of ranking their own enlightened mechanics above them in every essential quality.

### INTOXICATION

Is reckoned among the causes of fever. The general bad effect of this upon the constitution is obvious. Wherever a predisposition to any particular disease lurks in the constitution, intemperance in drinking seldom fails to rouse it

into action. Repeated excesses of this kind sometimes produce the epilepsy in those never before subject to it, and always hasten the returns, and augment the violence of the fits in those who are.

To increase good humour, gaiety, and wit, and prolong the pleasures of conversation, is the usual apology for such excesses. But if it were a general rule to leave the company as soon as our taste and talents for sensible or witty conversation began to diminish, few would injure their constitutions by drinking.

There are indeed examples of people who support long and repeated excesses, without much apparent injury. There are also instances of people who have swallowed poison with impunity. But tell those who are acquainted with such tough and well-seasoned veterans, to recal to memory the numbers of their companions, who, yielding to importunity, have fallen victims to this easiness of temper, and they will not be much encouraged by the example.

Although intoxication never fails when first indulged to produce most of the symptoms which attend fever, as heat, drowth, head-ach, and nausea, it must be confessed that these wear away by habit; so that those who indulge every day in the bottle, if they survive the excesses of their youth, and escape consumptions, dropsies, and paralytic complaints in more advanced life, are in little danger of being cut off suddenly by a

fever from drinking; they will have the comfort of out-living not only their friends, but very probably their own understanding.

In some instances where people have fallen down insensible by extraordinary excess in drinking, a supervening fever has been considered as the only thing that saved them from a fatal apoplexy. It must be allowed that a disease must be of a very desperate nature for which a fever is the only remedy, and this remedy not always effectual; for it sometimes happens, particularly to young persons of a sanguine habit, that, in consequence of great excess in drinking, a fever of such violence is raised, that the patient dies after a few days of high delirium.*

MENTZ

Is finely situated, built in an irregular manner, and most plentifully provided with churches. The Cathedral is but a gloomy fabric. In this, there is what they call a treasury, which contains

* *Hippocrates* mentions, in his third book of *Epidemics*, the instances of two persons who "ex potibus ambo pericu-"losa febre decubuerunt; quorum primus secundo jam "morbi die surdus factus fuit, dein ferociter deliravit, "quarto die convulsus, quinto die periit alter vero, post "difficilem morbum, vigesimo die evasit."

a number of clumsy jewels, some relics, and a mighty rich wardrobe of priest's vestments.

There are some troops in this capital, but the officers have not that smart presumptuous air which generally accompanies men of their profession. They seem conscious that the clergy are their masters; and, I have a notion are a little out of countenance on that account.

The streets swarm with ecclesiastics, some of them in fine coaches, and attended by a great number of servants. There are also many genteel airy abbés, who are the most fashionable people, and give the ton at that place.

The great number of monks and friars of all colours and conditions that are to be met in this city, apprise the traveller that he is in an ecclesiastical state; while the plump persons and rosy complexions of those fathers, sufficiently prove, that they do not live in the fertile land of Rhenish for nothing.

Though it is evident that in this electorate, the clergy have taken exceeding good care of themselves; yet, in justice to them it must be acknowledged, that the people also seem to be in an easy situation.

His fine person, dignified deportment, and imposing manners commanded the admiration and even the awe, of his generals ministers and courtiers; and towards the end of his reign, when he was at once assailed by domestic and public misfortunes the attachment of his subjects seemed to make them feel the sorrows of their king as their own, and submit with alacrity to heavier exactions than were ever wrung by tyranny from men.

Mankind are governed by force and by opinion. Louis made use of both these agents in a supreme degree. Besides the immense army which he kept up in peace as well as war, he also kept in action all those springs which have been found friendly to the maintenance of implicit obedience in the subject, and arbitrary power in the monarch. By various means he kept his nobility entirely dependent on his favour. He commanded in person only when conquest was secure; and without being exposed to hardship or danger, he claimed the merit of having reduced every fortress, which was either bought by his money, or subdued by the skill of his engineers.

He was taught that he had a right to controul the consciences and seize the money of his subjects; and as he was at once superstitious and haughty, he revived the spirit of persecution,

partly from zeal for the religion which he himself professed, and partly to punish the arrogance of those who dared to entertain opinions different from his.

He seems to have thought himself and family, including his illegitimate children, of more value than all his subjects; and he is the only king who ever brought them to the same way of thinking. He and his glory occupied their thoughts more than their own welfare, or that of their country. Those endearing ideas, which are connected with the expression *our country*, roused his jealousy; at least pains were taken, in his time to root them out of their native soil, and transplant them around the word *king*: the expression *la patrie* fell out of use during his reign, and continued so for a long time afterwards: *le roi* supplied its place. In Louis the fourteenth's time, the French seems to have thought of nothing but the monarch. When a battle was lost, their greatest concern was the affliction it would occasion to him—they rejoiced in victory, because it would afford him pleasure, and increase his glory.* The great empire of France seemed to

* The following anecdote will convey to the reader a just idea of the spirit of Louis XIV. as well as of that of his soldiers:—After a disastrous war, the king presented to an English Ambassador his company of horse grenadiers: "there is, (said the king) the bravest men in the universe, there is not one among them who is not covered with wounds." "Well," retorted, ironically, the ambassador,

have been concentred in the person of the *grand monarque*—as if there had been a general conviction of the absurd doctrine, that the people were made for the king, and not the king for the people; which has a bad effect on the minds of both, rendering the one more proud, and the other more servile.

## TITLES AND RIBBONS

Are, with a philosophical contempt, called by some mere gewgaws; and never mentioned but with scorn and indignation. It is entertaining to observe philosophers, who cannot see a ribbon across a man's shoulders, or hear a title pronounced, without falling into a passion, endeavour to ridicule the weakness of those who grieve at being deprived of them: for if it is weak to lament the loss of what they call gewgaws, it seems fully as weak not to be able to bear that they should be in the possession of others. Considering how universal the *affectation* of this contempt is, it seems surprising that the *reality* is so very rare. Like the fox in the fable contemplating the grapes, mankind in general speak with

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"how much then must your majesty esteem those by whom they have been wounded!" A grenadier advanced, and with the accent of indignation, answered, "they are all dead —we have killed them all."

disdain of titles and ribbons when they are at such a distance as precludes the hope of attaining them; but snatch at them with eagerness as soon as they are brought within their reach.

### RICHES AND ENJOYMENT

ARE not, it is well known, always coupled together; if they were, the Royal Exchange of London would, at a certain hour every day, comprehend more happiness than the most extensive and best cultivated provinces in the world; which, from the many anxious and many vacant countenances to be seen there, we are apt to believe is not the case.

### REPUTATION OF INTEGRITY.

IN England the reputation of scrupulous honesty is not only necessary for maintaining public confidence and popularity, but it is almost sufficient of itself without any talents besides; whereas in France, honesty exclusively taken is not in such high estimation. What is the reason of this? a Frenchman would say, perhaps, because it is more common; but this solution would not be thought satisfactory in England. It is possibly owing to the French putting a greater estimation on certain glittering qualities

which they themselves possess in a higher degree than their neighbours; each being prejudiced in favour of the staple commodity of their own country; as an English farmer prefers strong beer to Burgundy, and a French peasant Burgundy to strong beer.

## LETTER

*Of a faithful Servant.*

HONOURED SIR,

HEARING of your arrival at Rome, I think it my indispensible duty to inform you, that my master, and your nephew, has been seized with a violent passion for a young lady who lately arrived at this city, *(Naples,)* from Germany. The young woman is of a comely countenance. "Vultus nimium lubricus aspici." And, as far as I have hitherto been able to learn, of a very tolerable reputation. Yet, notwithstanding the fairness of her character and countenance, she is at bottom a black Papist. "Hinc illæ lachrymæ" This is the cause of my affliction; for were she as beautiful as Helen of Greece, Cleopatra of Egypt, or even as Mary Queen of Scots, she being like the foresaid Mary, of the popish persuasion, would be a most unsuitable spouse for my master. Yet there is hardly a day goes over his head that he is not in this young woman's company, and the Lord above only knows how far a

headstrong youth, instigated by passion, may push matters, more especially as he generally meets her at a very *pawky, (sly)* gentlewoman's, who understands what's what as well as any woman in Naples; and will leave no stone unturned to get her linked to my master.

I once had hopes, that as the young woman attends mass regularly every day—for those poor deluded creatures shew more zeal for their own superstitions than some Protestants do for true religion—I had once hopes, I say, that she might object to marrying a Protestant. But I am informed that as the song is, *her mother did so* before her, which has greatly diminished my hopes of refusal on her part; for it is natural to conclude that the mother has given the daughter a tincture of her own disposition, and you know, sir, that

" Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem, testa diu."

I am sure I need add no more to convince you of the misery that such a match as this would occasion to all my master's relations, particularly to his honoured aunt, who holds Antichrist and all his adherents in the greatest detestation. You must likewise be sensible, that a Popish wife, however fair her aspect, must give but a dark prospect to a Protestant husband, inasmuch as her religion instructs her that she is not obliged to keep faith with heretics.—*Heu quoties fidem mutatosque Deos flebit.*

If you could find, sir, a plausible pretext, for desiring my master to meet you at Rome, instead of allowing him to wait for you here at Naples, I am convinced he would obey your summons. You may then prevail upon him to listen to the voice of reason, abandon this land of superstition and delusion, where we have sojourned too long, and return directly to Britain, whereas it would be as easy to whistle the *lavrocks out of the lift*,* as to make him agree to this proposition while he remains within eye-shot of his mistress.

I am, with all due respect, &c.

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FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE late Revolution in France is one of the most awful events of which history affords any record.

The crimes with which it has been accompanied will remain a stain on the national character, which all the perseverance and industry with which France has repelled external attack cannot efface.

The misery which the revolution has already produced, is of a nature so extensive and so acute, as no rational hope of future prosperity can compensate.

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* The larks from the sky.

The French revolution exhibits at once the mischiefs that attend the abuse of power, and those that attend the abuse of liberty; affording a warning to sovereigns, not only against direct acts of cruelty, but also against that lavishness of public money which necessarily leads to the oppression of the people, and raises general discontent and indignation. It affords likewise a warning to the subjects of every free Government against all licentious disregard of law, all attacks on the rights of any class of their fellow citizens, or the ascertained prerogative of the sovereign; as every unprovoked attack of that nature tends to render all men's rights insecure, leads to the horrors of anarchy, and generally terminates in the destruction of that liberty they wish to preserve.

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### CONCLUDING SCENE OF NATURE.

When nature and the efforts of the physician prove unable to resist the malignity of the disease, all the distinguishing marks of it are obliterated, and the concluding scene is common to all.

The strength being almost entirely exhausted, the patient lies constantly on his back, with a perpetual propensity to slide to the bottom of the bed; the hands shake when they attempt to lay hold of any thing, and a continual twitching is

observed in the tendons of his wrist; the tongue trembles when it is pushed forth for the inspection, or all attempts to push it forth are unsuccessful; a black and glutinous crust gathers on the lips and teeth, to the increase and inconveniency of which the patient seems now insensible. He seems equally insensible to the ardour of thirst; he mutters to himself; he dozes with his mouth half open, the lower jaw falling down as if the muscles were too much relaxed to resist its own gravity; he sees objects indistinctly, as if a dark cloud hung before his eyes; small black particles, called by physicians *muscæ volitantes*, play, as it is believed, before his eyes; for he often catches with his hands at those or some such objects of his disordered brain; he frequently extends his arms before and above his face, seeming to contemplate his nails and fingers; at other times he fumbles with his fingers, and picks the wool from off the bedcloathes; he loses the power of retention; the evacuations pass involuntarily, and as if lamenting his own deplorable condition; tears flow down his ghastly countenance; the pulse flutters small as a thread, and on a pressure very little stronger than common, is not felt at all: his legs and arms become cold; his nails and fingers blackish; his respiration is interrupted by hiccups, and finally by death.

## NECESSITY OF LAWS FOR PROTECTING SLAVES.

It is a common argument against the necessity of new laws for the protection of Slaves, that they need no protection from a just and humane master: nor from a master of an opposite character, because his own interest will be their protection, but men who are not naturally compassionate; and in the habit of giving vent to every gust of ill-humour, are apt, in the violence of rage, to become deaf to the voice of common sense and interest, as well as of justice and mercy. A choleric man breaks and destroys the furniture of his house, however valuable; and how often do we see men in absurd rage abuse their most serviceable cattle.

It will be alledged that in all the Christian colonies the slaves are so far protected from the injustice of their masters, that none of them can be condemned capitally, but after trial in a court of justice. But the law may direct, that a master shall not order more than a limited number of stripes to be inflicted for any fault that his slave commits; if it requires no proof of the fault, except the allegation of the master, what security has the slave that he shall not be punished unjustly? Such laws are no safeguard, but rather a mockery of the unhappy race of men they pretend to protect.

## LYONS,

AFTER Paris, is the most magnificent town in France, enlivened by industry, enriched by commerce, beautified by wealth, and by its situation, in the middle of a fertile country, at the confluence of the Soane, and the Rhone. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 200,000. The theatre is accounted the finest in France, and all the luxuries of Paris are to be found at Lyons, though not in equal perfection. *

The manners and conversation of merchants and manufacturers have been generally considered as peculiar to themselves: but I could not remark much difference between the manners and address of the people of Lyons, and the manners of Versailles itself. There appeared to me a wonderful similitude between the two.

## HYPOCHONDRIASIS

Is a disease said to be more frequent in this island than elsewhere: it certainly depends on some affection of the origin of all the nerves, although from certain symptoms, with which it

* Such was Lyons before the revolution: but no part of France, has been more the victim of the revolutionary madness, than this unfortunate city.

is sometimes accompanied, it derives its name from another part of the body: *—All the theories hitherto invented, leave us equally ignorant how to account for or remedy it.

In this melancholy complaint, the patient, when apparently in good health, or perhaps in the most opulent circumstances, is gradually invaded by a languor and dejection of spirits: he is regardless of things of the greatest importance, and which formerly interested him the most: he is averse to every kind of exertion of body or mind: he becomes infinitely attentive to a thousand trifles, which he used to disregard, and is particularly watchful of every bodily feeling, the most transient of which he often considers as the harbinger of disease.—Every thing appears to him dark and dismal.—He is always apprehensive of the worst; and considers the most indifferent, and even the most fortunate incident as the omen of some impending evil. Although in his brighter days he may have been a man of courage, he becomes preposterously afraid of death now, when he seems to have lost all relish for the enjoyments of life.

Entirely occupied by his own uneasy thoughts and feelings, all other subjects of conversation appear impertinent, and are in reality as into-

* Hypochondriasis, a disease so called from its seat being supposed to be in a part of the belly, which physicians call the hypochondriac region.

lerable to him as the everlasting theme of his own complaints generally is to others. As this disease is in reality more distressing than dangerous; and as his looks are not impaired, in a degree that corresponds with the account he gives of his distress, he seldom meets with that sympathy which his sensibility requires, and his sufferings deserve. To a circumstantial and pathetic history of his complaints, he often receives a careless, and to him, a cruel answer, importing that they are all imaginary.—Shocked at the unkind indifference of friends, he shuns his former society—confines himself to his chamber, and will admit nobody but his physicians, for if he can at all afford it, he consults, one after another, the whole tribe. They possibly relieve or palliate the costiveness, the flatulency, the acidities, and other symptoms, which are brought on by the anxiety attendant on this complaint; but the original cause affecting the sensorium, they leave as they found it. This cause continuing in spite of their bitters, their stomachics, their purgatives, and analeptics, the same symptoms constantly recur. The wretched patient growing every hour more irritable and peevish, he flies at length to quacks. Their well attested and infallible remedies hurry on the bad symptoms with double rapidity;—he returns to physicians, goes back to quacks, and occasionally tries the family nostrums of many an old lady. His constitution being worn by

fretfulness and by drugs, he at length despairs of relief, and either sinks into a fixed melancholy, or roused by indignation, his good genius having whispered in his ear "fuge medicos, et medicamina," he abandons the seat of his disappointments—tries to dissipate his misery by new objects, and a different climate;—consults no practitioners of any country, sect, or denomination; and forms a fixed resolution to swallow no more drugs; from which happy epoch, if the case be not quite desperate, he has the best chance of dating his recovery.

## POWER OF CURING DISEASES.

THE experience of ages has proved, that the great and ultimate effect of the art of medicine,—the *power of curing diseases*, is more effectually attained by diligently observing the course and symptoms of distempers, and the effects of the means used for their relief, than by the most plausible reasonings on their supposed nature, and causes. Yet the latter has proved more attractive to many ingenious men of the profession, and, for a reason sufficiently obvious, in a particular manner to such as are employed in lecturing to students.

M. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD,

Was a man of humanity and candour. Unseduced by the advantages enjoyed by those of his own rank, he felt, with generous sympathy, for the distressed situation of others; he beheld, with satisfaction, the overthrow of the old arbitrary system of government, in hopes of seeing one more agreeable to justice erected in its stead.—A friend to monarchy, as well as freedom, M. de la Rochefoucauld, had in his contemplation a monarchy of a milder aspect than his country had ever enjoyed—more limited in its nature, but with sufficient power in the prince to defend his prerogatives, and sufficient means in the people to resist tyranny; more agreeable to humanity, more conducive to the general happines, not only of the people, which is infinitely the most important object, but also of the monarch himself, if he happens to be a man of sense.

The Duke of Rochefoucauld, on the 20th of June, did all in his power in the first place to prevent, and afterwards to discover, and bring to punishment, the instigators of the scandalous irruption of an armed multitude into the king's palace.

Disgusted with a series of crimes, which he could neither prevent nor punish, and finding that his presence in Paris was neither of use to his country, nor to the king, the Duke of Roche-

foucauld, withdrew from the capital, to his villa in Normandy, from thence, on account of his health, he soon after went to the medicinal waters of Forges, where he was during the dreadful periods of the massacres in September, and where a commissioner arrived with an order to arrest and conduct him to the capital. This commissioner, was a man of more humanity than those usually employed on similar occasions; he readily agreed to the proposal of accompanying the Duke, in the first place, to his own house, at Roche Guiyon, with a view that the agitation which existed at Paris, might have time to subside, before he should arrive. Most unfortunately, a battalion of national-guards arrived at Gisors, where he had stopped with his family, among whom some of the Paris assassins were mixed. These villains, immediately shewed a disposition to murder the Duke, while he walked to his carriage, under the protection of the mayor of Gisors, the commissioner, and some of the national-guards; but he was, notwithstanding, followed by the assassins, loading him all the way with abusive language, till one of them having found means of coming very near the Duke, threw a stone with such force, that striking him on the temple, it killed him on the spot, and some of the wretches, on seeing him fall, immediately cried, " Vive la Nation." Were it composed only of such wretches, who

would not join in sentiment with those who wish it washed from the surface of the globe?

## PERSECUTION,

Or ill-usage, on account of particular opinions, is to make the persecuted cling more cordially to them, and feel augmented aversion against those of their persecutors, while kind and gentle treatment renders men open to argument, and disposed to the renunciation of error, the moment they are convinced that their opinions are erroneous. It is only since the Jews were treated with mildness, and particularly since they began to be caressed and entertained by men of high rank in this country, that any of them could be convinced of their delusion, persuaded that the Messiah had already appeared in the world, and that some of their distinguishing ceremonies were no longer necessary. This observation, strikes the minds of some people so forcibly, as to convince them, that creating a few Jews, soon after their conversion to Christianity, grandees of Spain, or peers of Great-Britain, would do more to the abolition of circumcision, than all the racks of the Inquisition.

### SPIES,

ARE a set of wretches who, despised even by those who hire them, attend coffee-houses and public meetings, on purpose to catch unguarded expressions, to pervert and to betray. In vain do such characters endeavour to screen themselves from hatred, by pleading their utility, and the support they give to government. These pleas may be urged with more force in favour of hangmen, but cannot render the profession less disgraceful.

### REPUBLICAN CRUSADES.

IT seems that the French have now relinquished the sytem of them, if they ever seriously entertained it, and have pretty generally adopted the principles of one of their countrywomen, who in conversation with an Englishman, who asserted that it would be absolutely necessary for the French nation to restore monarchy, before they could obtain peace, replied, " Monsieur, nous ne volons plus de roi—c'est notre affaire, laissez nous tranquille. Mais vous aimez les rois; à la bonne heure, prenez en une douzaine si vous voulez—on vous laissera tranquilles."

### FREEDOM

WOULD be a greater blessing to a people who have been long in servitude, if it could be given by degrees: when it is obtained soo suddenly, instead of being salutary, it is sometimes noxious; — like victuals served up in profusion to men half famished, the consequence of which is often surfeit, and sometimes death.

### NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE sum of our knowledge upon it is, that the brain is the seat of thought, and origin of all sensation aud motion; that every sensation is conveyed thither, every idea formed there, and the power of every motion proceeds from thence through the nerves to the muscular parts of the body.

### THE ISLAND OF MURANO

Is about a mile from Venice; it was formerly a very flourishing place, and still boasts some palaces which bear the marks of former magnificence, though now in a state of decay.

The island is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants. The great manufactories of looking-glasses are the only inducements which stran-

gers have to visit this place. Instead of being cast, as in France, and England, the Murano mirrors are all blown in the manner of bottles. It is astonishing to see with what dexterity the workman wields a long hollow cylinder of melted glass, at the end of an iron tub, which, when he has extended as much as possible by blowing, and every other means his art suggests, he slits with a sharp instrument, removing the two extremities from each other, and folding back the sides: the cylinder now appears a large sheet of glass, which being once more introduced into the furnace, is brought out a clear, finished plate,

This manufacture formerly served all Europe with looking-glasses; the quantity made here is still considerable; for although France and England, and some other countries, make their own mirrors, yet by the natural progress of luxury, those countries which still get their mirrors from Murano, use a much greater quantity now than formerly; so that on the supposition, that the Murano manufacturers have lost three fourths of their customers, they may still retain half as much trade as they ever had. It is surprising, that, instead of blowing, they do not adopt the method of casting, which seems a much easier process, and by which larger plates may be made. Besides mirrors, an infinite quantity of glass trinkets *(margaritini)*, as they are called, of all shapes and colours, are made here. Wo-

men of the inferior ranks wear them as ornaments, and as rosaries: they also mould this substance into many whimsical forms, by way of ornamental furniture, to houses and churches. In short there are glass baubles enough made here, to bribe into slavery half of the inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

### ROMAN LADIES

Have a languor in their countenances, which promises as much sensibility as the brisk look of the French, and without the volubility of the latter, or the frankness of the Venetian women, they seem no way averse to form connections with strangers. A young Englishman of distinction, was presented to a beautiful young lady at one of the assemblies. In the course of conversation he happened to say, that he had heard she had been married very lately. She answered with precipitation, "Signo Si—ma mio marito é uno Vecchio. * She then added, shaking her head, and in a most affecting tone of voice, "O santissima Virgine quanto é vecchio." †

* Yes, my Lord—but my husband is an old man.

† O holy Virgin, how exceeding old he is!

### HAPPINESS.

A GENTLEMAN was proposing one day to a French woman living in a retired part of the country, to make a trip to Paris. " For she must be tired of so much Solitude."—" Have I not my husband ?" answered she.—" Your husband is no company," rejoined he, " your husband, you know, is yourself."—She answered, " Ah ! Monsieur plus ou, séloigne de soi même, " plus on sécante du bonheur."

### CREDULITY.

AN English traveller, witness of a grand procession, at a village near Turin, where four men walking before the rest carried a box which was said to contain the bones of St. John, enquired from a sagacious looking old man, if all the saint's bones were there; he assured him, that not even a joint of his little finger was wanting. " Because," continued the traveller, " I have seen a considerable number of bones in different parts of Italy which are said to be the bones of St. John." The old man smiled at the Englishman's simplicity, and said, the world was full of imposition ! but nothing could be more certain, than that those in the box were the true bones of the saint; he had remembered them ever since he was a child—and his father, when on his

death-bed, had told him on the *word of a dying man*, that they belonged to St. John, and no other body.

## GEORGE THE SECOND.

THE memory of that monarch is greatly venerated in Hanover. I have heard his contemporaries relate a thousand little anecdotes concerning him, which at once evinced the good disposition of the king, and their own gratitude. He was naturally of a very sociable temper, and entirely laid aside, when at Hanover the state and reserve which he retained in England.

Not only the personal friends of that monarch speak of him with regard; the same sentiments prevail among all ranks of people in the electorate. Nothing does more honour to his character, or can be a less equivocal proof of his equity, than his having governed these subjects, over whom he had an unlimited power with as much justice and moderation as those whose rights are guarded by law and a jealous constitution.

"By what powerful arguments, Colonel, were you persuaded to adhere to the Protestant religion?" said the clergyman.

"By this powerful argument," replied the Colonel, "that I was born in Berlin, and bred at Königsberg."

"That answer smells of infidelity, Colonel, and implies that you consider religion merely as an affair of geography, and of little or no importance in the world," said the clergyman.

"It implies more than I intended, then; for although I do think that nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of mankind are determined in the religion they profess, by the place of their birth and education, I do not infer from thence, that religion is of no importance; on the contrary, I am convinced, that those who cherish religion, perform the relative duties of life in the most conscientious manner."

"So you put all religions on the same footing?" said the clergyman.

"By no means, I speak of the Christian Religion only—which, if I am not mistaken, contributes greatly to render mankind better and happier even in this life."

"You speak of the reformed Religion only, I presume," said the Clergyman; "for as to the absurd tenets of the Roman Catholic creed, it is

impossible for you or any man of sense to respect them."

"I speak not of the creeds, which since the Christian æra, have been composed by the fathers of either church;" replied the Colonel: "my observations regard only the precepts given, and the example set, by the author of Christianity himself, and in which both churches are agreed. The good effect which a due impression of those divine precepts has upon the mind seems, I confess, very evident to me whether the individuals on which it operates are Roman Catholics or Protestants."

"The spirit of those who profess them are very different, however," resumed the Minister. "When did the Protestants display the same spirit of persecution that the Papists have so often done?"

"Let us remember," replied the Colonel, "that the church of Rome was established in power, when the first reformers began to attack its doctrines; that an attack on its doctrines endangered the power and riches of its clergy; that it is natural for mankind, when they have been long in possession of power and wealth, to be exceedingly unwilling to relinquish them; let us recollect that all established governments think they have a right to use severities against revolting subjects, whatever good grounds those subjects have had for revolting,—and"

" But remember," interrupted the Clergyman, " the perfidy and cruelty displayed by the Roman Catholics, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew—think of the shocking reign of the gloomy bigoted Philip, and the enormities of his unrelenting general, the Duke of Alva."

" I do think of them with horror," said the Colonel; " and I have no mind to palliate such dreadful instances of human wickedness and delusion. I only meant to hint that those ought not to have credit for not displaying the same spirit who were not in possession of the same power. It is fortunate for the clergy of Holland, Switzerland, some parts of Germany, and other countries in Europe, that, considering their want of power and wealth, there is little danger of their degenerating from the spirit of moderation and humanity."

" I doubt much whether it is a fortunate circumstance," replied the Clergyman; " for although riches, power, and pomp, have a mischievous effect, when prostituted to the unworthy, yet they are suitable to the character we bear of the ambassadors of heaven, and might give more weight to our admonitions."

" Power and wealth are the great corrupters of the human heart; and might spread their baneful influence even to the ambassadors themselves: a great accession of power and riches might gradually inspire them with pride

and ambition, and render them at last little better than so many cardinals and popes."

"Never, never," cried the Clergyman; "the spirit of Protestantism is too averse to any such alteration."

"The spirit of human nature, however, has a mighty tendency that way," replied the Colonel.

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### LAOCOON.

NOTHING can be conceived more admirably executed than this affecting groupe; and it enters few heads that it could be in any respect improved. But Mr. Lock, a man of a refined taste and great sensibility, has observed that had the figure of Laocoon been *alone* it would have been perfect. As a man suffering the most excruciating bodily pain with becoming fortitude, it admits no improvement; his proportions, his forms, his actions, his expression are exquisite. But when his sons appear, he is no longer an insulated, suffering individual, who, when he has met pain and death with dignity, has done all that could be expected from man; he commences father, and a much wider field is opened to the artist. We expect the deepest pathos in the exhibition of the sublimest character that art can offer to the contemplation of the human mind: a father forgetting pain, and instant death to

save his children. This sublime and pathetic idea, the artist either did not perceive, or despaired of attaining. Laocoon's sufferings are merely corporeal; he is deaf to the cries of his agonizing children, who are calling on him for assistance. But had he been throwing a look of anguish upon his sons, had he seemed to have forgotten his own suffering in theirs, he would have commanded the sympathy of the spectator in a much higher degree. On the whole Mr. Lock is of opinion that the execution of this groupe is perfect, but that the conception is not equal to the execution.

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### NEGRO SLAVES.

*A cruel West-India Planter and an humane Physician.*

" They are," said Z—— " the most villainous race alive."

" They certainly are the most unfortunate," said the Physician.

" Let them perform their task as they ought," replied the other, " and they will not be unfortunate."

" Why, it is not a slight misfortune," said the Doctor, " to have such tasks to perform."

" They are in a better situation than when they were in their own country."

"That would be difficult to prove," said the physician; "but were it certain, I should think it a bad reason for treating them ill *here*, merely because they had been very ill treated *there*."

"Negro Slaves in general, all over the West-Indies," said Z—— "are in a better condition than the common people in most countries in Europe. I have heard this asserted a thousand times."

"If it were so," said the physician, "it would convey a dreadful idea of the condition of Europeans, but the thing is impossible, Sir."

"How impossible!" said Z——.

"Because even if slaves were in general fed and cloathed as well as you are yourself, yet while it is in the power of their master to impose what task he pleases, and punish their faults according to his humour, their condition must be infinitely worse than that of the cottager, whom nobody can abuse with impunity, and on whom the cheering spirit of liberty smiles as he reaps the fruit of his own industry."

"You have certainly," said Z—— "borrowed those sentiments from an Englishman; some of those enthusiastic fools who are pleased to bear the insolence of mobs, and to sacrifice many of the conveniencies of life to the empty shadow of freedom."

"But, to return to the slaves—are they not my property? Have I not a right to oblige them to labour for my profit?"

"While I admit that, Sir, I most sincerely wish it were otherwise exercised."

"Lenity," cried Z—— "to a parcel of rascals, a gang of pilfering dogs, downright thieves! Why, as often as they can, they steal the very provisions intended for my own table!"

"You cannot be much surprised at that, Sir, when they are pinched with hunger."

"You would have them pampered with delicacies, forsooth, and never punished for any crime!"

"No, Sir; but I would certainly allow them a sufficient quantity of wholesome food. Conscious of many failings in myself, I would not be relentless or unforgiving against untutored slaves."

"Poh! poh!—This is not the way of dealing with negroes; nothing is to be made of them by lenity; they are the laziest dogs in the world."

"Consider, Sir, how natural it is after hard labour, to wish to prolong the intervals of rest."

"Rest!" cried Z—— "they will have rest enough in their graves."

"Well, Sir," replied the physician, shocked at this brutal remark, "it would be fortunate for some people if they could promise themselves the same."

"But, Doctor," said Z—— taking no notice of the last observation, "can you really imagine that such treatment as you seem to recommend,

would render slaves of equal benefit to the proprietors of West-India estates?"

"My own experience convinces me that the master who treats his slaves with humanity and well-directed kindness, reaps more benefit from their labour, than he who behaves in a contrary manner. We naturally endear ourselves to those to whom we impart pleasure, and men in general serve with more alacrity and perseverance from love than fear."

"Besides, how infinitely more pleasing is it to be considered as the distributor of happiness, than the inflictor of pain! Pray accept from me this advice gratis. Alter entirely your conduct towards your slaves; scorn not those who demand justice and mercy; treat them with much more indulgence, and sometimes with kindness."

## THE CONNOISSEUR.

VERY early in life, I resided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or six of my countrymen to view the pictures in the Palais Royal. A gentleman who affected an enthusiastic passion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greatest desire to be thought a connoisseur, was of the party. He had read the lives of the painters, and had the *Voyage Pictoresque de Paris* by art. From the moment we entered the rooms

he began to display all the refinements of his art. He shook his head at some pictures, tossed up his nose at others; commended a few, and pronounced sentence on every piece as he passed along.

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taste stopped short in an extacy of admiration.—One of the company had already passed it without minding it, and was looking at another picture, on which the connoisseur bawled out—"Good God, Sir! what are you about?" The honest gentleman started, and stared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

"Have you eyes in your head, Sir?" continued the connoisseur: "Don't you know St. John when you see him?"

"St. John!" replied the other, in amazement. "Aye, Sir; St. John the Baptist, in propria personæ."

"I don't know what you mean, Sir," said the gentleman, peevishly.

"Don't you?" rejoined the connoisseur; "then I'll endeavour to explain myself. I "mean St. John in the Wilderness, by the "divine Rafaelle Sanzio da Urbino, and here it "stands by your side.—Pray, my dear Sir, will "you be so obliging as to bestow a little of "your attention on that foot? Does it not "start from the wall? Is it not perfectly out "of the frame? Did you ever see such colour-

" ing? They talk of Titian; can Titian's colour-
" ing excel that? What truth, what nature in
" the head! To the elegance of the antique,
" he has joined the simplicity of nature."

We stood listening in silent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections we enumerated; when a person in the Duke of Orleans's service, came and informed us, that the original, which he presumed was the picture we wished to see, was in another room; the Duke having allowed a painter to copy it. That which we had been looking at, was a very wretched daubing done from the original by some obscure painter, and had been thrown, with the other rubbish, into a corner, where the Swiss had accidentally discovered it, and had it hung up merely by way of covering the vacant space on the wall, till the other should be replaced.

How the connoisseur looked on this trying occasion, I cannot say. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him. I fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not safe, in this science, to speak even from the book.

## POPULACE.

It is much easier to lead the populace of any country into disorders of any kind, than to

bring them back to order, and respect for law; because the populace of all countries have a natural taste for noise and riot. When the outcry is " Vive le Roi" when marrow-bones and cleavers are most noisy, when tallow-chandlers bellow the loudest for illuminations, the real source of the commotion is often mistaken.

Is it for thee, the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee, the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.

## THE VENETIANS

In general are tall and well made. Though equally robust, they are not so corpulent as the Germans. The latter also are of fair complexions, with light grey, or blue eyes; whereas the Venetians are for the most part of a ruddy brown colour, with dark eyes. You meet in the streets of Venice many fine manly countenances, resembling those transmitted to us by the pencils of Paul Veronese, and Titian. The women are of a fine style of countenance, with expressive features, and a skin of a rich carnation. They dress their hair in a fanciful manner, which becomes them very much. They are of an easy address, and have no aversion to cultivating an acquaintance with those strangers

who are presented to them by their relations, or have been properly recommended.

The common people of Venice display some qualities very rarely to be found in that sphere of life; being remarkably sober, obliging to strangers, and gentle in their intercourse with each other.

The Venetians in general may be painted as a lively ingenious people, extravagantly fond of public amusements, with an uncommon relish for humour, and yet more attached to the real enjoyments of life, than to those which depend on ostentation, and proceed from vanity.

Some writers have described the manners of the Venetians as more profligate than those of other nations.—That they are more given to sensual pleasures than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or Berlin, I imagine will be difficult to prove. But as it is the custom to go about in masks, * an idea prevails, that the manners are more licentious here than elsewhere. For my own part, it is not a piece of white or black paper, with distorted features, that I suspect, having often found the most complete worthlessness concealed under a smooth smiling piece of human skin.

* This custom did not exist when I visited Venice, in 1794. F. P.

## SPANIARDS.*

THE character, and manners, of the inhabitants of different provinces, vary more from each other in Spain than in other countries of Europe; owing probably to the Spanish provinces having formerly being distinct kingdoms: this accounts also for the hatred which they reciprocally have for each other, which in some is as violent as ever it could have been, even when they were in a state of war.

The inhabitants of Estramadura, Andalusia, and Mercia, are thought more lively than the rest of their countrymen. The natives of the southern provinces are the most industrious; those of Castille and Arragon are lazy, proud, vindictive, amorous, and despising trade and industry.

The complicated system of fraud and oppression, by which the vast majority of the inhabi-

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PICTURE OF THE SPANIARDS.

I winged my way to the habitation of the proud Spaniard; I there saw dullness dressed in the specious garb of self-importance; assuming the celestial semblance of generosity; and jealousy dipping her destructive poniard in the tears of captive beauty. Often did I compress my slender form to enter the latticed window, where the blackest and finest eyes on this terrestrial sphere gazed dejectedly on the chain of wedded tyranny; while the soft sigh of despondency, stealing over the fevered lip of love, repelled and drew me on at pleasure.—*Mrs. Robinson.*

tants of Spain are kept in slavery and ignorance, was formed by degrees, and contrived by abler hands than those who now carry it on; many of whom are as ignorant and superstitious, as the populace they are employed to deceive. The bulk of the clergy of Spain, secular and regular, may be included among those agents; they are certainly sunk in ignorance and superstition, far beneath the clergy of any other country in Europe; and, on that very account, carry on the plan the more successfully; for, as Terence well observed, "Men act better, who being de-" ceived themselves, perform *ex animo omnia, ut* " *fert natura*, than those who are pre-instruct-" ed, and perform *de industria*."

Spain, no doubt, was at one time, the nation of most importance in Europe, not only in point of riches, but likewise of military fame: to this, may in some degree, be imputed that stately reserve and pride, which belongs to the national character; and as in many other instances, remain after the cause which produced them no longer exists.

The common people in most countries admire their sovereign, as the most powerful in the world. In Spain it is a common opinion, not only that their monarch is the greatest prince, but also that the court of Spain is the most magnificent in Europe. "Solo Madrid es corte;" is a common saying. Those who are of that opinion, after being a little acquainted with

the court of Madrid, must think magnificence the dullest, and most melancholy thing in the world.

## POLITICAL CONVULSIONS.

It has been observed, that great occasions, and hazardous situations, have a tendency to create and develope talents; and of course that times of revolution, and important struggles in states, are the most productive of *great men.* * It is asserted by some, however, that the French Revolution forms a contradiction to the general observation, inasmuch as, although it has occasioned a long and severe struggle, and given rise to very great crimes, yet it has not produced one man who can be with propriety called *great*, even allowing that wickedness did not preclude from the title.

Without entering into that discussion, it must be acknowledged that, if the French revolution has not given rise to any *great men*, it has had an effect more extraordinary, and unexpected; having entirely overset, and annihilated the *greatness* of more men than any revolution ever did. To enumerate instances would be equally superfluous and invidious.

* The following instance, and elegant definition, or rather description, of a *great man*, will enable the reader to judge, if the political convulsions in France, have produced any

## RAGE FOR HERALDRY.

AFTER having made a considerable fortune by the exercise of his profession in the capital,

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one, and if the present Consul deserves this appellation, which has been rather prematurely given to him by his admirers, or enthusiasts. " Qu'un homme s'éleve au sommet " de la fortune, c'est un phénomene que le vulgaire con- " temple avec admiration; mais le sage n'est point ebloui: " il decouvre les taches de ces pretendus corps lumineux, " & son eclat n'est qu'un phosphore passager. *Un grand* " *homme*, un homme nè pour la gloire est celui qui a tou- " jours un objet illustre dans sa conduite, & qui y rapporte " ses plus nobles affections, les plus belles actions de sa vie. " La vie d'un *grand homme* est en quelque, sorte comme " un drame representé devant les nations attentives. Pour " que l'ouvrage soit digne d'admiration, pour qu'il passe à " la postérite, il ne suffit pas d'y trouver de belles scenes, des " developemens heureux, il faut que tout tende au dénoue- " ment, que tout s'y rapporte au but principal, & qu'il in- " teresse surtout par son ensemble. Un homme peut faire " des actions èclatantes, mais s'il n'a pas un but determiné, " sa gloire est l'ouvrage, de la fortune & non de son propre " génie; c'est un illustre aventurier, mais non un heros. " Il ne faut pas seulement, voir les actions d'un prince ou d'un " géneral pour connoitre leur gloire; il faut voir l'ensemble " de leur vie politique: aussi la postérité seule peut procla- " mer le nom d'un heros, & ce n'est que dans son oraison " funebre qu'on peut annoncer au monde qu'il etoit un " *grand homme*."

TRANSLATION.

" If a man rise to the summit of elevation and fortune, " most men contemplate that phenomenon with admiration; " but the wise is not dazzled; he discovers the spots of that

a certain taylor retired to the province in which he had been born, on purpose, as he himself declared, to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; for this taylor had been several years at a grammar-school, and still remembered some sentences of Latin. He resolved that the coach, in which he and his family arrived at the place of his residence in the country, instead of a cypher, should have in future for its ornament a coat of arms. He chose for a crest a large pair of scissars expanded: gratitude, he said, dictated this; because they were the chief instruments of his for-

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" pretended luminous body. A *great man*, a man born for " glory is the man who has always in view a great and im- " portant object in his conduct, and who connects with it, " its noblest sentiments, the most distinguished actions of " his life. The life of a *great man* is, in some respects, like " a drama acted in presence of attentive nations. To be " worthy of admiration, and to pass to posterity, it is not " enough to find in the work grand scenes, and successful " situations; every thing in it must also tend to the un- " raveling of the plot, and relate to the principal object. " The whole of it must excite a powerful interest. A man " may atchieve splendid actions; but if he has not a deter- " mined object, his glory is but the offspring of chance, and " not of his own genius. He is an illustrious adventurer, " but not a hero, To appreciate justly the merit of a " prince, or of a general, it is not sufficient to know their ac- " tions. We must also contemplate the whole tenor of their " political life. Thus posterity alone can with truth pro- " claim the name of a hero; and it is only in his funeral " oration, that one may announce to the world, that he was " a *great man*."

tune. For his motto he chose the words ' Vincere aut mori." On being told that those words might be thought more suitable to a soldier, than to a man of his profession; he said that he belonged to a military family; for his father had been haut-boy to a regiment, and that he, himself, in his youth, had felt some inclination for being a soldier, which he was prevented from indulging by the unexpected breaking out of a war. When his wife understood what had been decided, she declared that a mere crest and motto was little better than a cypher, and would look scandalously naked, which was what she could not bear. The husband consulted the curate respecting some additional device. The curate, who was somewhat of a wag, observed that although scissars were made of cold iron as well as swords, yet some people might think, that there was not a sufficient correspondence between the crest and the motto. It would be therefore of importance to contrive such ornaments, (supporters for instance) as would link them a little better together. " I have no particular objection to supporters," said the taylor, " and I am sure they would delight my wife." " Would you choose men or beasts ?" said the curate. " I think one of each would be best;" answered the taylor:—pray what beast would you advise me to ?"—" A lion, by all means," said the curate; " because being the most powerful beast of the forest, he suits with *vin-*

*cere* in your motto." "That it does to a hair!" exclaimed the taylor; "but I cannot conceive what kind of *man* will suit with *mori*." "A dead man, to be sure," said the curate. "On my conscience, that is true," cried the taylor. The arms were ordered directly.—A pair of scissars expanded, with a lion and a dead man supporting them. The taylor's wife was delighted.—Great was the importance which swelled his own heart, when he remarked the admiration with which the villagers contemplated the emblematic painting on his coach, or when the import of the motto was explained to the gazing multitude, by the school-master, or some other of equal learning.

Why that disdainful smile at the vanity of this poor taylor? The story is told of yourself, under another name. Let some who ridicule this motto and lion, recollect how little their own vain pretensions, low pursuits, debasing habits, and the whole despicable tenor of their lives, accord with the emblems or mottos of their coats of arms. Let them remember that, if truth and propriety were always observed in those articles, instead of lions, eagles and other noble animals, many of them would have asses, hogs, peacocks, or dunghill-cocks, for their supporters: and let them also remember, that the respect which is still paid to some of them, proceeds entirely from a regard to the memory of men that are dead.

It seems, at first sight, natural that monarchs should be stimulated by ambition, and the desire of extending their dominions in a stronger degree than the governors of republics; because an hereditary monarch is more identified with the state; and the king may suppose the extension of dominion an increase to his own personal grandeur and wealth: whereas the office of chief magistrate in republics is transitory; and it can be of little importance to him, even in idea, whether he belongs to a nation consisting of twenty-five millions of individuals, or of forty millions; his personal grandeur will be much the same. The extension of a state's domains adds nothing to the importance of the inhabitants. The national pride of individuals is as high in small republics as in great kingdoms. Nobody can doubt that a citizen of Athens, was as proud of being an Athenian, as a Persian was of belonging to that vast empire. Experience, however, proves, that the governors of republics are more apt to be actuated by restless ambition, and the ardour of conquest, than the generality even of kings.

The plan of the Roman republic, was universal conquest; yet when they were pursuing it, they announced themselves the protectors of the Grecian states, and of all free nations, thus they

created a pretext for intermeddling in the government of every country.

The French republic has evidently imitated, and imitates now, the encroaching policy of the Roman republic. The decree, "That the "French nation would assist that party in "every country which contended for liberty;" in other words, "would assist those in every country who strove to overset the government;" has been often attempted to be explained away; but the conduct of the Directory has sufficiently shewn that they acted to the spirit of that decree. If the French Republic manifested that disposition, in spite of misfortune and repulse, was it not expected that it would proceed in that system after the rapid success of their arms, and under the government of Bonaparte? Does he not follow the same footsteps of his predecessors? Does he not endeavour to excite revolt against the established government of every nation, whatever that government may be? Does he not assist the insurgents, on the pretence of supporting the cause of liberty, but with the expectation of subduing the country, by the means of the divisions he incites. Yet for one nation to assert a right of interfering in the internal government of another, is laying a foundation for unceasing war. It will be resisted, we trust, with indignation in this country, because it cannot be put in practice but in a country of determined slaves.

"You have a pension from Chelsea Hospital?" said Mrs. B——.

"Yes, that I have," cried the soldier; "and it is regularly paid, although I do no manner of duty."

"You were wounded, perhaps?"

"I was that, through the body, at the battle on the heights of Abraham, where General Wolfe was killed, please your ladyship; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy fled before he expired; and well he deserved such a death, for he was an excellent officer."

"You could do no more duty as a soldier, after being so wounded?" said Mrs. B——.

"Every bullet, your ladyship knows," replied the soldier, "has its commission; that which went through my body had not a commission for death, but only for wounding; and so I recovered, and did my duty the following winter in the action near Quebec, where General Murray, commanded."

"I hope, you was not wounded there also?"

"Yes, I received a shot in my shoulder, which disabled me from using my firelock; and what is more provoking, it was at the beginning of the action, and I had only fired three times; and so being of no farther use, I was sent back to the hospital, and I saw no more of the battle, which I should have been glad to describe to your ladyship, if I had remained."

"You were long recovering of this last wound?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Very long, please your ladyship, for the bone was hurt; I was sent home, and recommended to Chelsea, which I obtained, and am an out-pensioner; but although I suffered a good deal for several months at first, yet, thank God, I at last, had some intervals of ease, and there was not a great deal of pain, except when a little bit of bone was about to throw off—Now, it seldom troubles me; but although I have not all the use of my arm, I could still make a shift to draw a trigger against the French or Spaniards, if there was occasion."

"Have you nothing to maintain you and your wife, but the small pension from the hospital?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"O! yes," answered the soldier; I can do a little work as a gardener, to which I was originally bred, that is, when my shoulder is not very painful; and my wife is a very careful and industrious woman, and still able to gain a little also, and so we have great reason to be thankful, being, by the king's bounty and goodness, enabled not only to maintain ourselves, but also to entertain a friend sometimes, which, I confess, we were just doing now; for as your ladyship knows life is but a roughish journey, at best, so Margery and I love to *strew the way over with flowers*, as the song goes."

"And pray," said Mrs. Barnet, smiling, what kind of flowers were you strewing just now?"

"Anon?" cried the soldier; not quite understanding the question.

"May I ask," resumed Mrs. Barnet, "what the present entertainment with which you regale your friend, consists of?"

"It consists," replied the soldier, "of a loaf of very good brown bread, an excellent Suffolk cheese, and a can of gin and water." Would to the Lord, that every worthy honest heart in this wide world, were as well provided for!"

"I am sure," said Mrs. Barnet, with a smile of benevolence to the soldier, "that a heart so easily satisfied as your's, ought not to know want."

"I hardly ever did, Madam," said he, "particularly since we settled at this place, for we have our hut for almost nothing; bread, cheese, and small-beer, are tolerably cheap, and the gin is excellent: if your ladyship has occasion for any, I can recommend that of the Hog in Armour on this heath, for as wholesome Hollands as any in England."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mrs. Barnet, laughing; "but pray what company have you with you? you seemed very happy and merry when I came."

"We have no other company, please your ladyship," replied the pensioner, "but a poor

soldier, who I happened to meet on the road; poor fellow, he seemed faint with the heat, and the weight of his knapsack; and so, as it was just about the time of our dinner, I invited him to share with Margery and me; we all fell to accordingly, and I doubt if many people have made a better dinner than the soldier and I; for we were both very hungry, and as I said before, every thing was good of its kind; as for Margery, she eats no great matter, and hardly ever takes above one draught of gin and water; but I confess the stranger and I were beginning to get a little merry, when your ladyship arrived."

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CICISBEO.

THE custom at present reigning in Italy is, that this obsequious gentleman visits the Lady every forenoon at the toilet, where the plan for passing the evening is agreed upon; he disappears before dinner, for it is usual all over Italy for the husband and wife to dine together tête-a-tête, except on great occasions, as when there is a public feast. After dinner the husband retires, and the Cicisbeo returns, and conducts the lady to the public walk, the conversasione, or the opera: he hands her about wherever she goes, presents her coffee, sorts her cards, and attends with the most pointed assiduity, till the amusements of the evening are over; he accom-

panies her home, and delivers up his charge to the husband, who is then supposed to resume his functions.

Even when there is the greatest harmony and love between husband and wife, they must separate every evening;—he to play the cavaliero servente to another woman, and she to be led about by another man. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, the couples who are in this predicament are certainly happier than those whose affections are not centered at home. Some very loving couples lament the cruelty of this separation: yet the world in general seem to be of opinion, that a man and his wife, who dine together every day, and lie together every night, may, with a proper exertion of philosophy, be able to support being asunder a few hours in the evening.

The Cicisbeo in many instances is a poor relation, or humble friend, who, not being in circumstances to support an equipage, is happy to be admitted into all the societies, and to be carried about to public diversions as an appendage to the lady. Many of those gentlemen in their appearance, and bodily infirmities, carry the clearest refutation, with respect to themselves, of the scandalous stories of an improper connection between cavaliero serventes, and their mistresses. There are also Cicisbeos of a very different stamp, whose figure, and manners,

might be supposed more agreeable to the ladies they serve, than to their lords.

Whether the connection between them is supposed innocent or criminal, most Englishmen will be astonished how men can pass so much of their time with women. This, however, will appear less surprising, when they recollect that the Italian nobility dare not intermeddle in politics; can find no employment in the army or navy; and that there are no such amusements in the country as hunting, or drinking. In such a situation, if a man of fortune has no turn for gaming, what can he do? Even an Englishman, in those desperate circumstances, might be driven to the company and conversation of women to lighten the burthen of time.*

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* Dr. Moore has here given us a description of the *Italian male Cicisbeo*; an amiable unknown female writer, has thus noticed a very important class of Ladies in France, who may not be improperly denominated *female Cicisbeos*: "Before "the Revolution, a woman of fashion, when relinquishing "the adorations claimed by beauty, devoted herself to the "instruction and advancement of some young man of per- "sonal qualifications and uncertain fortune. She presented "him to the world and panegyrised him into fashion. By "her exertions, he was promoted in the army, and a career "begun under such auspices often terminated in a brilliant "establishment.—In the less elevated circle, a female cicis- "beo is usually of a certain age, of an active disposition, "and great volubility, and her functions are more numerous "and less dignified. Here the grand object, is to obtain "for him the solid advantages of what she calls *un bon parti*,

### FRIENDSHIP AND DEVOTION.

In a lady's house, at Vienna, I happened to take up a book which lay upon the table—a small picture of the Virgin Mary on vellum fell from between the leaves; under the figure of the Virgin, there was an inscription, which I translate literally:

"This is presented by —— to her dearest "friend —— in token of the sincerest regard

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"(a good match). To this end she frequents the houses "of widows and heiresses, vaunts the docility of his temper, "enlarges on the solitude of widowhood, or the dependence "and insignificance of a spinster; and these prefatory en- "comiums usually end in the concerted introduction of the "Platonic *ami*. Besides these principal and important "cares, a female cicisbeo of a middle rank, has various sub- "ordinate ones—such as buying linen, choosing the colour "of a coat, &c. &c.—These useful females are equally "common in more humble situations. A woman in France, "whatever be her condition, cannot be persuaded to resign "her influence with her youth; and the *bourgeoise* attaches "her *elève*, by knitting him stockings, forcing him with *bons* "*morceaux*, and frequent regales of coffee and *liqueurs*.

"You must not conclude from all this that there is any "gallantry implied, or any scandal excited—the return for "all these services is only a little flattery, a philosophical "endurance of the card-table, and some skill in the disor- "ders of lap-dogs. There are in England as well as in "France, many notable females of a certain age, who de- "light in what they call managing, and who are zealous in "promoting matches among the young people of their ac- "quaintance, but for one that you meet with in England "there are fifty in France."

" and affection; begging, that as often as she " beholds this figure of the blessed Virgin, she " may mix a sentiment of affection for her ab- " sent friend, with the emotions of gratitude " and adoration she feels for the mother of " Jesus."

There seems to be something exceedingly tender and pathetic in blending friendship with religious sentiments, and thus, by a kind of consecration, endeavouring to preserve the former from the effects of time and absence.

## RECIPE AGAINST ENNUI.*

As I stood, the other day, on the quay of the Louvre, contemplating a batallion, which was

* The oppressive sensation and the cause of Ennui, were never better described, than by the elegant French poet Desmahis:

Ce sommeil fatiguant de l'ame
Né de gène & du loisir,
De nos jours use plus la trame
Que la douleur ou le plaisir.

Of the dull soul oppressive sleep,
Born of constraint and too much leisure
More on the stretch life's thread you keep
Than either anguish or than pleasure!

It is the observation of a learned physician in this metropolis, that many persons incur disorders that lead often to death by mere *Ennui*.

conducting some Swiss to the Abbaye, a man who seemed at least seventy years of age, entered into conversation with me: a girl of about ten or eleven held him by the arm. He praised the appearance of the men; and the young girl was delighted with the rough caps, and immense moustaches of the grenadiers.

"Mademoiselle is your daughter," said I.

"No," answered he, "this poor little girl has lived with me several years. She was quite destitute, and I took her from charity. People are often at a loss how to amuse themselves, particularly towards the decline of life. I have had a great deal of pleasure, for my own part, in teaching this little girl mathematics."

A young gentleman who was present, burst into laughter; and the old man perceiving that I could with difficulty refrain, "I see," said he good-humouredly, "that you do not credit what I tell you; but it is literally true. This little girl is a very apt scholar, as you shall see."

"Tell me, my dear, what are the three angles of any triangle equal to?"

"Two right angles," answered she.

"Exactly," said the old man, "and pray what is the cube root of eight?"

"Two," answered the girl.

"And what is the cubic number of four?" resumed he,

She immediately replied, "sixty-four."

Having enjoyed our surprise a little, the old Frenchman took his leave of us in high spirits, and walked away with the girl holding his arm. I mention this rencontre merely for its singularity: it proves that although the French are less subject to *ennui*, than any other people, yet they are extremely inventive of expedients to prevent it. Of all the contrivances for that purpose I ever heard of, the one I have just mentioned is the most singular.

## HEROIC BENEVOLENCE.

PRINCE Leopold, nephew of Frederick the great, and brother to the present reigning Duke of Brunswick, in the spring of the year 1785, being witness to a devastation occasioned by the overflowing of a river, unmoved by the entreaties of those who endeavoured to dissuade him from so hazardous an enterprize embarked in a small boat, with three watermen to relieve the inhabitants of a village surrounded by the waters. But before he reached them the boat was drove with violence against a tree, and overset; the three boatmen were saved. This amiable prince alone, being carried down by the impetuosity of the current, perished in the sight of those he attempted to preserve, displaying in his death an heroic instance of that benevolence, which had

appeared conspicuous through the whole of his life.*

### THE SELF-CONCEITED NOBLEMAN.

It has been said that a weak or wrong-headed man of high rank, or in an eminent situation in life, is like a man on the top of a steeple, from whence all the world seem *little* to him, and where he seems *little* in the eyes of all the world.

### CLEMENT XIV.

Was a man of moderation, good sense and simplicity of manners; and could not go through the ostentatious parade which his station required, without reluctance and marks of disgust. He knew that the opinions of mankind had undergone a very great change since those ceremonies were established; and that some of the most respectable of the spectators considered as perfectly frivolous many things which formerly had been held as sacred. Ganganelli was an enemy

* That ingenious artist, Mr. Northcote, who so successfully painted the wonderful escape of Captain Inglefield, has since, with equal, if not superior energy, finished a picture representing the death of Prince Leopold, of Brunswick.

to fraud and hypocrisy of every kind. But, however remiss he may have been with regard to the etiquette of his spiritual functions, every body acknowledges his diligence and activity in promoting the temporal good of his subjects. He did all in his power to revive trade, and to encourage manufactures and industry of every kind. He built no churches, but he repaired the roads all over the Ecclesiastical state; he restrained the malevolence of bigots,* removed absurd prejudices, and promoted sentiments of charity and good-will to mankind in general, without excepting even heretics. His enemies, the Jesuits, with an intention to make him odious in the eyes of his own subjects gave him the name of the *Protestant Pope*. If they supposed that this calumny would be credited, on account of the conduct above mentioned, they at once paid the highest compliment to the pope, and the Protestant religion.

VANITY

Is a very comfortable failing; and has such an universal power over mankind, that not only the gay blossoms of youth, but even the shrivelled bosom of age expand, and display strong marks of sensibility under its influence.

* Vide Vol. i. p. 131.

## HUMANITY.

A CIRCLE of people from the adjacent hamlets, surrounded a seaman, as he lay on the ground.

Sir Matthew Maukish and his lady, stopped their carriage, and inquired what was the matter.

"It is a poor sailor," said one of the crowd, "who has been overturned and sadly bruised by a gentleman in a phaeton."

"Why did not the fellow get out of the gentleman's way?" said Sir Matthew.

"He tried to do so; but it was not in his power to run fast enough, being as how, he had a wooden leg," said one of the group.

"A wooden leg!" cried Sir Matthew; "how came he by a wooden leg?"

"His real leg was carried off by a cannon bullet, in a sea-fight;" answered the same person.

"A sea-fight!" repeated Sir Matthew; "What the devil took him into a sea-fight?"

"He went to fight for his king and country," answered another, (a pensioner from Chelsea-hospital) "as was his duty."

"Yes, yes," said Sir Matthew, "that was his duty, to be sure; we must all fight for our king and country; but he ought to have got out of the gentleman's way, for all that; he ought to have stepped a little aside, to let him pass."

"Why, please your honour," said the pensioner, "the gentleman drove so d——d fast, that the poor fellow could not get out of his way more than of the bullet's; if he had time, he would have stepped a little aside, to let them both pass."

"Well, in my opinion," rejoined Sir Matthew, "the gentleman was to blame, and if he were here, I should tell him so."

"The poor man seems much bruised, and unable to move," said the pensioner.

"Poor creature!" cried lady Maukish, in a very sympathising tone," "he is much to be pitied."

"That he is," echoed several voices from the crowd.

"Well, but," resumed Sir Matthew Maukish, addressing the crowd, "Why do you not carry this bruised man, into some of your houses, and put him to bed, and give him a cordial, and take care of him till he recovers?"

"Why, Lord! your honour," cried one of the people, "none of us have spare beds; most of us lie two or three in a bed, already."

"Ah! the odious creatures," cried lady Maukish.

"I'll tell you, neighbours," said one, who was well acquainted with the character of Sir Matthew; "we had best carry this poor man to Sir Matthew Maukish's house; he will certainly order him to be taken care of, and he is much

more able than any of us, to maintain him till he recovers."

"Drive on," cried Sir Matthew, putting his head hastily out of the coach-window.

"Why do you not drive on, Sirrah?" squeaked lady Bab, from the other window.

"Ah, the odious creatures!" said the old soldier, mimicking lady Bab's voice.

"The devil drive you both, for a couple of hard-hearted niggards," cried the person who knew Sir Matthew and his lady.

"What a pity, to let a man lie alone, on the cold ground!" said a young woman.

"Especially, a fellow-christian!" added an old one, who stood by her.

"Christian or Turk," said the Chelsea-pensioner, "since nothing better can be done, if some of you will help me to carry him into my hut, I'll take the best care of him I can, and I know my wife will make him welcome.—How fare you now, old boy? continued he, addressing the seaman, who seemed to recover.

"Thank you, thank you, brother," replied the seaman, only a little damaged in the larboard-side, and in the stern; but I hope to live to repay your consort and you, for all your kindness; and if I chance to meet the fresh-water spark who ran foul of me, mayhap, I shall repay him also."

"I thank you for your humanity to that poor sailor," said a lady present.

"There is, in what I do, no great matter of humanity," replied the soldier; "an old soldier cannot let a wounded sailor lie on the ground, when he has a hut to give him shelter in; one who could not act such a part, would deserve to be drummed out of the army, instead of enjoying his Majesty's bounty, as I do, God Almighty bless him!"

## DUELS, AND METHOD OF PREVENTING THEM.

It seems surprising to many people, that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom, has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

"You have injured me, Sir, and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death."——Or,

"You have given me the lie, Sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what I do insist upon, is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head."—What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—But its not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth:

"Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner, as will make the world think meanly of me,

if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country, the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will show that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace; and I will give this proof, at your risk, who have put me under the necessity."

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their iusulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult, appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law. Accordingly the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstance which give rise to every duel, with power to punish him who, from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger, or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would assuredly render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public no-

toriety and shame, all those pests of society who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause.

## SCOUNDREL.

If a French coach-man, or fish-woman quarrel with a foreigner, they will make no scruple to give him the worst name they can think of; but after they have called him a scoundrel, or whatever other abusive name occurs, they do not add, by way of aggravation, *Italian* scoundrel, *German* scoundrel or *English* scoundrel; whereas, those who deal in this kind of rhetoric in England, are never contented with calling a foreigner, whom they abuse, a scoundrel, because possibly the bye-standers might imagine him only an English scoundrel, and of course, merely on a level with honest men of other nations; they therefore add the name of the country the man comes from, by way of consummating his infamy.

## LES NONCHALANS.

An absurd affectation of indifference, or what the French call *nonchalance*, has prevailed of late years. A few insipid characters in high life, whose internal vacancy leads them to seek amusement in public places, and whose insensibility prevents them from finding it, have probably brought this appearance of a want of all enjoyment into fashion. Those who wish to be thought of what is called the *ton*, imitate the mawkish insipidity of their superiors in rank, and imagine it distinguishes them from the vulgar to suppress all the natural expressions of pity, joy, or admiration, and to seem upon all occasions, in a state of complete apathy.—Those amiable creatures frequent public places, that it may be said of them, *they are not as other men are.* You will see them occasionally at the play-house, placed in the boxes, like so many busts with unchanging features; and while the rest of the audience yield to the emotions excited by the poet and the actors, those men of the *ton* preserve the most dignified serenity of countenance; and except, that they from time to time pronounce the words *pshaw!* and *stuff!*—One would think them the express representatives of the Pagan Gods, who *have eyes but do not see, and ears but do not hear.*

LISBON

WHAT remains of the old town gives no favourable idea of what it was before the earthquake, in 1785, the streets being narrow, windy, and nasty. In planning the new town, care has been taken to preclude many of the inconveniencies of the old. The new built houses are larger, the streets wider, and more regular than those of the old; and in various places they lead into squares, of which the old town was destitute. The most extensive, and most magnificent square is *that*, one of whose sides is formed by the palace of inquisition.

Some of the most disgusting customs, that are the source of the nastiness with which the streets of Lisbon are covered, still continue. Boots may protect the feet of the street-walker from the filth of the streets; but it is necessary to be in a close carriage, to have the head equally secure from that which is thrown from the windows.

Several of the new streets, though planned,

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* We are informed that the police of Lisbon has now in contemplation, to lay down common sewers, and drain away all impurities into the Tagus, instead of suffering the above nauseous practice, by which means every one who frequents the theatres, is exposed on his way home to receive upon his shoulders a most unwelcome species of unction; if

are not entirely built; many vacancies are still to be seen. They would never be cleaned was it not absolutely necessary to do it, previous to the ceremony of processions. The lanes, and narrow streets, are never cleaned; in consequence of which some are almost choked up. *

The houses in general, previous to the earthquake, 1755, had the melancholy appearance of prisons with small windows, very often without glass, from which those within could see the passengers in the street; but could not be seen by them: on this account they were called *Zelosios*, or jealousies; their peculiar structure being supposed to have originated from the jealousy of husbands. Indeed they are in some respects emblematic of that passion, as it formerly manifested itself among the Spaniards and Portuguese; and still appears among the Turks, who seem to have no regard to what the inclinations of their women are, provided they can by walls, and locks, and eunuchs, secure their persons to themselves.

The houses since the year 1755, and particularly those lately built, have large and conveni-

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not very attentive to watch the movements at each balcony he passes under.

* Several hundred men are at the present moment daily employed in removing the mounts of rubbish; and every beast of burden embargoed, or put into requisition, to carry them off. Regular scavengers are appointed.

ent windows, and are in general four or five stories high.

There are no agreeable public walks belonging to Lisbon, though no spot in Europe unites so many requisites for forming an extensive and delightful walk, as the banks of the Tagus, near that city.* A scheme for this purpose, was once in agitation, but it was dropped on account of the strange indifference of the inhabitants for so desirable an object.

The Portuguese women are extremely indolent. Their chief employment and common amusement is sitting at the window, and beholding the passengers, who are now permitted to behold *them* also.

There is a great number of domestics in the usual establishment of a family in tolerable circumstances, at Lisbon: those domestics are poorly paid, taudrily clothed, scantily fed, and as insolent as their masters. Some of them are employed by the intendant of police as spies. Were it the object of a government to vitiate the national character, and depress the national spirit, it could not use a more effectual means, than by encouraging, and rewarding, domestic

* The only public promenade is a garden, called *Salitre*, which is resorted to by a few ladies in the evening. It contains but one grand alley in the centre; the rest is all monotonously divided into regular little plats of uniform shrubbery, more dull and *samely* than any Dutch potatoe-garden on the banks of the canal *Von Utrecht*.

spies; the infallible consequence of which is, to tear asunder all the bonds of mutual confidence among men, to spread distrust, hatred, and terror, into every breast, to make them tremble at the sight of the most subaltern agent in office to render men unhappy, and to deprive them of every claim to be otherwise.

The common people in Lisbon, seem to be more oppressed and miserable, than in any other country in Europe: their misery is apparent in their dejected looks, in their meagre bodies, covered with rags and nastiness. Those willing to work, are not paid for their labour sufficient to maintain them, and many of them are kept from starving by soups, chiefly consisting of the washings of the plates of convents, after the monks have dined.—Is it surprising that they thieve, rob, and sometimes assassinate?*

The influence of the monks is greater in Portugal, than in any Roman Catholic country in

* The new and active establishment of a vigilant police, hitherto unknown in Lisbon, is at present, we are informed, the theme of universal praise, and has operated so total a change, that a person acquainted with that metropolis, only a year ago, would scarcely recognize it again. Till now, the neglect of all the municipal regulations, adopted in other European towns, was proverbial here, and the danger of assassination, such as to prevent people from walking the streets after dark. But the system is now completely altered, and lately several offenders have been punished with death. The practice of smuggling too, which has been

Europe. There are not great many families in Lisbon of which some monk or other has not the chief direction.

Religious processions form the grand and most interesting amusement of the inhabitants of Lisbon,* and few things can convey a stronger

openly carried to a great length, has been equally repressed. The city is lighted throughout, every evening. To conduct the useful reform of the police, a legion of eight hundred men have been raised, including two hundred cavalry. They have posts established throughout the whole city, and particularly on the water-side, where they put a great check upon smuggling. At night, numerous patroles of that legion parade the streets, and call every suspicious person to account, assuming various disguises to come upon them unawares; by this means, they have purged the city of many hordes of miscreants with which it used to be infested; at the commencement of their institution, the vagabonds against whom it was directed, thought to have intimidated the corps, as they had formerly done. But on the first rencontre, the desperadoes, finding that this legion would not be trifled with, and that they fired upon their assailants without ceremony, it procured them immediate respect, and ever since, a soldier of the legion has become an object of terror to the rabble.

* The fashionable world are at present entertained at Lisbon with an Italian opera, upon the most liberal establishment, not surpassed by any theatre on the continent in the vocal department. The dancing, though capital, is not equal to the Parisian display of excellence in that graceful art; but the amateurs in general, who have heard Mrs. Billington, affirm that in point of singing, she is not superior to Signora Catalani. She and Signor Cresentini, (whose powers are already known on the London Stage) are at present

presumption of the insipidity of their usual style of life than their finding any amusement in those dreary spectacles, which consist of a multitude of men of all conditions, dressed in robes of different colours, with a white stick in each of their hands, slowly following the statue of some Saint, with bands of music at intervals, and the whole closed by the monks, of whom the foregoing Saint is the patron.

To these ceremonies the inhabitants of Lisbon flock in crowds, and behold them with admiration.

The ladies in particular, spend several days, previous to such solemnities, in preparing their richest attire; and on the morning of the happy day, having exhausted all the arts of the toilet, to draw forth their charms, they place themselves at the windows and balconies by which the procession is to pass, perhaps several hours before it does pass, and there exhibit a much more

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the rage at Lisbon, and attract a numerous assemblage at every performance, and receive emoluments almost as enormous as in England, independent of rich presents from the nobility and fashionable dilettanti.

Besides the grand opera, there are two other theatres at Lisbon, and one at Bellem; these are upon the Sadler's Wells principle, and tolerable good feats of activity are displayed there; but the dramatic department is barbarously vitiated on the Portuguese stage, not for want of theatrical talents, for there are some very respectable ones, but from the wretched medley of Bartholomew-fair buffoonery, blended even in the most serious historical representations.

brilliant and agreeable spectacle than they behold.

On the festival of St. Antony of Padua, his statue is carried in procession, superbly dressed in robes of silk, embroidered with gold, and studded with diamonds and precious stones borrowed from the most opulent families of Lisbon. As those jewels are supposed, after having touched the statue of the saint, to acquire the power of preserving the person who wears them from various diseases, it is not surprising that their proprietors should be exceeding willing to lend them.

What should induce the ladies to assist so patiently at those processions has in some degree been explained. The assiduous attendance of the men with their cloaks and white sticks must be imputed entirely to superstitious motives. A notion prevails, that by following some of those processions, in that manner during seven successive years, a man secures himself from the hazard of dying in a state of reprobation.

There is little variety at Lisbon: one week is like the whole year, and the whole year like the first week.—After what I have written, you will not be surprised that I did not find the climate so effectual a remedy for my old complaint of *ennui* as for my cough.*

* That sickly disposition, perhaps, prevented our traveller from visiting and mentioning two objects worthy to be seen in

THE MILANESE AND SWISS PEASANTS.

WHY are the inhabitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, where nature pours forth her gifts in such profusion, less opulent than those of the mountains of Switzerland? Because freedom, whose influence is more benign than sunshine and zephyrs, who covers the rugged rock with soil, drains the sickly swamp, and clothes the brown heath in verdure; who dresses the labourer's face with smiles, and makes him behold his increasing family with delight and exultation; freedom has abandoned the fertile fields of Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains of Switzerland.*

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Lisbon: 1st. The noble aqueduct extending upwards of two leagues. It is an impressive and stupendous monument, and almost worthy of the title inscribed on the architrave of its frontispiece, near the grand reservoir:—*Regni ornamentum, urbis prodigum.* This beautiful edifice under the grand arch of which a frigate might pass in full sail, supplies the whole city with water which it conveys from the rock of Lisbon, and must be acknowledged one of the most stupendous efforts of human industry.—2ndly. There is to be seen at Bellem, a Botanical Garden, and a museum, which is open to the public: it contains an extensive collection of tropical birds and reptiles from the Portuguese colonies, fossils, and rich minerals, but blended and crowded too much together, for want of due space to exhibit them.

* It dwells there no more.—The Swiss liberty presented a too striking contrast to the chains with which the lawless French Directory had loaded that nation to let it remain un-

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH PEERAGE.

THE privileges possessed, and the superiority assumed by the noblesse of France, over the inferior orders were evils of greater magnitude than they may seem to those Englishmen who

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alterable.—They were afraid, lest the sight of a neighbouring people, happy by a true, wise, and reasonable liberty, might awaken, in the enslaved French, the energy necessary to break the oppressive chains of their Directory. That Directory then, under the fictitious pretence of restoring and the securing to the Vaudese country certain rights; of freeing Switzerland from the Bernese oligarchy, and its supposed aristocracy, that Barbarous Directory decreed, that Helvetia should renounce the laws, which, for so many centuries, had secured her happiness; that she should accept a form of Government which tyranny alone could authorise the Rulers of France to dictate; they decreed that French armies should carry all the horrors of war among people who were ignorant of their existence.—Methinks I see their warriors, blindly slaves to their orders, climbing up the craggy and lofty rocks which once secured the tranquility of that good people.—Methinks I hear them thundering their decrees: "Die or obey the Directory who sends us to slaughter you."—Brave but mistaken French grenadiers! What are you doing?—Desist!—These warriors were long your friends, your fellow soldiers—are you going to strike them? They only wish for tranquility, and you come to disturb it. They constantly proved themselves your defenders, and you come to attack them. They have never ceased to supply your wants; and you come to plunder their property. Their neutrality has been the protection of your own land, and as a reward for it, you come to invade their territory!—Ah! Do not dishonour bravery by employing it so basely—*Liber-*

judge by the impression which the privileges and conduct of the nobility of their own country make on the minds of their countrymen.

The precedency and distinctions which the nobility enjoy in common society in England are never refused unless when arrogated; and, therefore, are never or seldom assumed, but always granted.

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*ty, equality, felicity,* are as the vanguard of those numerous armies which your rapacious rulers send among those nations whose plunder they have decreed. But these are mere high sounding words.—You are strangers to their true meaning; you know but by name those invaluable and heavenly gifts the Helvetians have long known—long have they enjoyed their endearing blessings, before you came amongst them. Profound Peace, true Freedom, real Happiness, have fled from their mountains at your approach.—They have fled, perhaps, alas! for ages to come.—At the present moment, is not despotism again forcing a new constitution on the brave and formerly free people of Switzerland? Whatever may have been the secret motives of each Director in respect to Helvetia, when in 1796 they ordered the entrance of their armies into that country, they afterwards pleaded as an excuse for their atrocious violence, that they were in perfect ignorance of the nature of the territory; and believed they were doing right in changing the form of its Government. When a German placed the real civil and religious state of Switzerland under the view of the philanthropic La Revilliere Lepaux; he is said to have exclaimed: "Then perhaps, I have been contributing to do them an injury all "this time!" But knowledge and repentance came too late.—Will the present Government of France follow the same tyrannical conduct?—that Government, from whom we

The privileges of the British nobility, when compared with those of the noblesse of France, before the revolution, will in general be found at once more valuable and less invidious: they consist in the hereditary share they have in the legislature; not in their forming a part of the pageantry of a court, or in having their lands exempt from taxation. The Peers of Great Britain are few in number; and strongly connected with the Commons, by intermarriages, friendship, and the reciprocal power of being of service to each other.

The situation of the French noblesse with respect to the commons, or as they call them *roturiers*, was very different. The privileges of the former were in many instances vague, unascertained by positive laws, and depending merely on ancient usage.

The importance and consideration at court of a British Peer depend in a great measure on his

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hear nothing but pretensions to grand views, justice and humanity!—Were it to persevere in oppressive violence—it ought to excite a double indignation, as it will certainly provoke a vigorous resistance in Switzerland.—Should the powers of Europe crouch before the mandates of Consular government, and tamely look on, and see it dictating constitutions to other countries by an armed force?—Had this been attempted in the time of Louis XIV. or Louis XVI. what would the rest of Europe have said?—Would they have stood the mute spectators of the scene?—*The Swiss Editor.*

influence and popularity in the country. The importance of a French nobleman depended entirely on court favour, and dwindled into nothing at the frown of his sovereign.

A British Peer has a strong motive to cultivate the good-will of all the inhabitants around his estate; whereas a French Marquis or Duke had no motives but the sentiments of benevolence or humanity to behave with attention and kindness to the peasantry.

Letters of noblesse were not difficult to be obtained in France; and the exuberant plantation of nobility was there very extensive and cumbersome. In that country the airs of superiority, which they were apt to assume, were more difficult to repress, and were apparent in every place. —The Government and customs of England do not tolerate that degree of insolence, that was formerly displayed, with impunity, by the noblesse in France, and still continues in other countries of Europe.

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### BRUNSWICK

Is situated in a plain, on the banks of the Ocker. The houses in general are old, but many new buildings have been erected of late, and the city acquires fresh beauty every day.

Fortifications have been the cause of much calamity to many towns in Germany, having

served not to defend them, but rather to attract the vengeance of enemies. But the fortifications at Brunswick were of great utility in the seven years war, and on one occasion, they saved the town from being pillaged, and afforded Prince Frederick, an opportunity of performing an action, which I imagine gave him more joy than twenty victories.*

* This happened in the year 1761.—Mareschal Broglio, had sent a body of 20,000 men, under Prince Xavier of Saxony, who took possession of Wolfenbuttle, and soon after invested Brunswick. Prince Ferdinand anxious to save his native city, ventured to detach 5000 of his army, small as it was, under his nephew, Frederick, assisted by General Luckner, with orders to harass the enemy, and endeavour to raise the siege. The young Prince, while on his march, sent a soldier with a letter to the governor, which was wrapped round a bullet, and which the soldier was to swallow, in case of his being taken by the enemy — He had the good fortune to get safe into the town.—The letter apprised the commander of the garrison of the Prince's approach, and particularised the night and hour, when he expected to be at a certain place near the town, requiring him to favour his entrance. In the middle of the night appointed, the Prince fell suddenly on the enemy's cavalry, who unsuspicious of his approach, were encamped, carelessly within a mile of the town. They were immediately dispersed, and spread such an alarm among the infantry, that they also retreated with considerable loss. Early in the morning, the young Prince entered Brunswick, amidst the acclamations of his fellow-citizens, whom he had relieved from the horrors of a siege.

The academy of Brunswick has been new-modelled, and the plan of education improved, by the attention, and under the patronage of the Hereditary Prince.* Students now resort to this academy, from many parts of Germany, and there are generally some young gentlemen from Britain, who are sent to be educated here.

Such of them who are intended for a military life, will not find so many advantages united at any other place on the Continent, as at the academy of Brunswick. They will be here under the protection of a family, partial to the British nation: every branch of science is taught by masters of known abilities.—The young students will see garrison duty regularly performed, and may, by the interest of the Prince, obtain liberty to attend the reviews of the Prussian troops, at Magdebourg and Berlin.—They will have few temptations to expence, in a town where they can see no example of extravagance—have few opportunities of dissipation, and none of gross debauchery.

The country about Brunswick, is agreeable; you are particularly pleased to see some gentlemens' seats near this town; a sight very rare in Germany, where, if you avoid towns and courts, you may travel a great extent of country, without perceiving houses for any order of men between the prince and the peasant.

* Now the reigning Prince.

## PARIS,

*(Under the Tyranny of Roberspierre.)*

INSTEAD of that gay metropolis, the ingenuity, the taste, and even the absurdities of whose inhabitants afforded instruction, entertainment, and laughter, to the rest of Europe, Paris seems now to be the abode of terror and cruelty, from whence the neighbouring nations are menaced with devastation and ruin!

Who could have imagined, that a nation so fond of amusement and pleasantry, would have been the abode of so much misery?

It were to be wished, that France could with truth, say to the rest of Europe, what Scarron, the husband of Madame Maintenon, said to his relations, weeping round his death-bed:—I shall never make you weep, so much as I have made you laugh.

## THE SAILOR.

I'LL give you a shilling, my lad, said I, if you'll tell me who the lady is who came out of that cottage, and stepped into the chaise."—She had struck me by the loveliness of her face, as well as by the elegance and symmetry of her person.

" I would give half-a-crown myself, to know who she is," answered the sailor.

" I know your generosity, as well as your taste, my honest fellow; and you will oblige me by accepting this half guinea to drink the woman's health, you admire so much."

" Thank your honour," replied the sailor. " All the information I can give you concerning the lady who has just set sail, is, that I am sure she is an English woman."

" How can you be sure even of that?" said I.

" Because all your foreign women, were they ever so handsome, have something of an outlandish look, which this lady has not," replied the sailor.

" You have seen a great many foreign women, perhaps," resumed I.

" I have sailed round the world."

" You must, then, have had great opportunities.—And pray, where did you see the handsomest?"

" Why, please your honour, taking them all in all," rejoined the sailor, " I do not know but the handsomest women I ever saw, that is to say out of England, was during a voyage up the Mediterranean, where I chanced to get a glimpse of some Greek girls, belonging to an old Turk."

" To an old Turk!"

" Yes, very old, please your honour. One might have thought he had no more use for so many girls, than a dog hath for a side-pocket,

as the saying is. But the sight I had of them, had like to have cost me very dear."

"Those Greek girls, came nearest in beauty to the lady who is just gone, you think?" said I.

"No, please your honour—Nell Smith, of Liverpool, comes nearest in the article of face, which is all I can speak to, in respect of Nell."

"You think, then, that Nell Smith, herself, is not quite so handsome as that lady."

"I cannot, in conscience, say, she is," replied the sailor; "though, for my own part, I would prefer Nell, for old acquaintance sake.

MANHEIM,

Is reckoned one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. The streets are all as straight as arrows, being what they call *livrées au cordeau*, and intersect each other at right angles. This never fails to please at first, but becomes sooner tiresome than a town built with less regularity. When a man has walked through the town for half a forenoon, his eyes search in vain for variety; the same objects seem to move along with him, as if he had been all the while a-shipboard.

They calculate the number of inhabitants at 24,000, including the garrison, which consists of 5000 men. This town, has three noble gates, adorned with basso relievos very beautifully ex-

ecuted. You can walk round the ramparts with ease in the space of an hour. The fortifications are well contrived, and in good order, and the town acquires a great additional strength from being almost entirely surrounded by the Necker and the Rhine, and situated in a flat, not commanded by any rising ground. Yet, perhaps, it would be better that this city were quite open, and without any fortification. An attempt to defend it might prove the destruction of the citizens houses, and the Electoral palace. A palace is injudiciously situated when built within a fortified town, because a threat of the enemy to bombard it, might induce the garrison to surrender.

The electoral palace is a most magnificent structure, situated at the juncture of the Rhine and the Necker.—The cabinet of natural curiosities, and the collection of pictures, are much vaunted.

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### THE GERMAN PRINCES,

Are minute observers of form. The same establishment for their household, the same officers in the palace, are to be found here, as in the court of the most powerful monarch in Europe. The difference lies more in the salaries, than in the talents requisite for these places; one pay-master for the forces, has greater emo-

luments in England, than a grand marechal; a grand chamberlain, two secretaries of the state, and half-a-dozen more of the chief officers of a German court, all taken together.

The sovereign princes in Germany, have an unlimited power over their people; and may sell the persons of their subjects, or employ them in any other way they think proper. If you ask the question in direct terms, of a German, he will answer in the negative, and will talk of certain rights which the subjects enjoy, and that they can appeal to the great council, or general diet of the Empire, for relief. But after all his ingenuity and distinctions, you find that the barriers which protect the peasant from the power of the prince, are so weak, that they are hardly worth keeping up, and that the only security the peasant has for his person and property, must proceed from the moderation, good sense, and justice of his sovereign.*

* To the honour of German princes, it must be said, that, happily, this unlimited power has been in general found to be placed in equitable hands, who have employed it entirely for the good of their subjects, by whom they are beloved.

*August* 15, 1792,

I WENT this morning to see the Temple *—Great misfortunes interest the mind, like great virtues. The cruel reverse the royal family of France now experience, has seldom been absent from my thoughts.

Being informed, that there was a particular spot behind the building, from which I had a great probability of having my curiosity gratified, I went there in company with two gentlemen, and a valet de place.

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* This building, originally belonged to the order of Knights Templars, which arose in the time of the earliest Crusades, and was destroyed with the most shocking circumstances of cruelty, on incredible pretexts, in the year 1313, by the avidity and revenge of Philip the Fair, with the concurrence of Pope Clement V. who was then in France. The ground which belongs to the temple, is surrounded by a high wall, on part of which are a kind of battlements. This wall also incloses a garden belonging to the principal body of the building; a great many houses, and separate buildings have been added, which are inhabited by tradesmen, who enjoy particular privileges. Before the revolution, the whole was an asylum for debtors.—Now, in its towers, are detained, those who are accused of high-treason. The buildings which filled its inclosure, have been, in part, demolished; and some streets have been opened, which communicate with those of *La Corderie.*

A person whom I accidentally met on the spot, pointed out two windows in the tower, which he said belonged to the apartments of the King and Queen, and at which they were sometimes seen.

While I stood looking at the windows, one of the national-guards, who was a sentinel near the place came up, and addressing me, said, "Vous prolongez vos observations un peu trop, Monsieur; passez votre chemin s'il vous plait." (You prolong your observations a little too much, Sir; you had better be gone.)

Before I had time to speak, the valet de place said, "Ces messieurs sont des etrangers—des Anglois." (These gentlemen are foreigners—they are English.)

The sentinel replied, "Sci je ne connois personne," (at this place I make no distinction), and then repeated what he had said.

"Mais, Monsieur, pourquoi;" (but why?) resumed the valet.

"Pourquoi!" said the centinel, a little fiercely, "parce qu'il faut," (because it must be so.)

I checked the valet, and we did what the soldier required; for to borrow an expression of Dr. Johnson, *the request was reasonable, and the argument cogent.*

The situation of that unfortunate family is so affecting, that it might awaken the feelings of

the most callous-hearted statesmen, and incline them to measures of mildnes, and even generosity.

## FRENCH FINANCES.

MANY* imagine that it will be a long time before the finances of France can recover the extraordinary drains they have of late undergone: it must be remembered, however, that her resources are prodigious, of which nothing can afford more convincing proofs than the rapidity

* Had Dr. Moore been inclined to sacrifice truth to interested views, and his judgment to his ambition; a hireling of courts and ministers, he could have darkened the political picture of the French finances; and thus he would have infallibly obtained titles and pensions as well as some of his profession, or as that modern prophet in politics, that knight-errant, who, Don Quixote like, annually signs the bankruptcy of the French Treasury, and with his indefatigable quill gives the death-blow to the French Republic.—But such was not Dr. Moore's character; and he has gained and deserved what is infinitely more precious than titles and pensions, an unsullied reputation of moderation, sagacity, and love of truth: he lived cherished for his unassuming modesty, sought for his wit, ingenuity, and knowledge of the world, beloved for his benevolence, and respected for his unshaken integrity: he has died deeply and sincerely lamented by a respectable family, and a numerous circle of friends, and regretted as an interesting, sensible, and sagacious writer. F. P.

with which, on former occasions, she acquired riches and prosperity, after being exhausted by civil dissensions or foreign wars.

She revived from all the disasters of the bloody civil war of the league, with wonderful quickness, and acquired new dignity and unprecedented prosperity under Henry IV.

A very short time after the civil dissensions and war of the Fronde, her greatness and wealth excited the jealousy, and resisted the force of several powerful states which combined against her.

The sudden recovery from the disastrous condition to which France was reduced at the two epochs above mentioned, was partly owing to the talents of the two princes who reigned immediately after them.

The first, (Henry IV.) being blessed with benevolence and genius, had at once the inclination to raise his country from the calamitous state in which she was, and the power to execute it—he was in reality a great king.

The second, (Louis XIV.) has been called the best actor of a great king that ever lived.

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VEVAY

Is a pretty little town, containing between three or four thousand inhabitants. It is sweetly situated on a plain, near the head of the lake

of Geneva, where the Rhone enters. The mountains behind the town, though exceedingly high, are entirely cultivated.

The principal church is detached from the town, and situated on a hill which overlooks it. From the terrace, or church-yard, there is a view of the Alps, the Rhone, the lake, with towns and villages on its margin.—Within the church the body of General Ludlow is deposited. That steady Republican withdrew from Lausanne to this place, after the assassination of his friend Lisle, who was shot through the heart, as he was going to church, by a ruffian, who had come across the lake for that purpose, and who, amidst the confusion occasioned by the murder, got safe to the boat, and escaped to the Duke of Savoy's territories on the other side, where he was openly protected.—This was a pitiful way of avenging the death of a monarch, who, whether justly or not, had been publicly condemned, and executed.

There is a long Latin epitaph on Ludlow's monument, enumerating many circumstances of his life, but omitting the most remarkable of them all. He is called, *patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus, &c.** But no nearer hint is given of his having been one of king Charles the First's judges, and of

* A defender of the liberty of his native country, and a determined opposer of arbitrary power, &c.

his having signed the sentence against that ill-fated prince.

However fond the Swiss in general may be of liberty, and however partial to its assertors, it is presumable that those who protected Ludlow did not approve of this part of his story, and on that account a particular mention of it was not made on his tomb.

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PASQUINADE.

When the city of Paris erected an equestrian statue in honour of Louis XV. (a statue which was begun by Bouchardon, and finished by Pigal); an inscription for it was handed about; it was in Latin, and very short:

STATUA STATUÆ.

*The statue of a statue.**

No danger is sufficient to restrain the Parisians from writing and spreading such Pasquinades, which are greatly relished by the whole nation.

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* Many other epigrams were handed about:

Bouchardon est un animal,
Et son ouvrage fait pitié.

### MONT BLANC.*

At the sight of its hoary majesty, I remembered the following lines:

So zembla's rocks, (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Fill the bright mountains, prop th' incumbent sky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

### THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

Mrs. —— "Pray who are the parents of this charming boy?"

Old woman.—"The Lord above he only knows. He is no relation of mine—I never saw him in my life, till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-house, to take him to my own house in the coun-

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Il place les vices à cheval;
Et met les vertus à pied

Voila notre Roi comme il est a Versailles,
Sans foi, sans loi, & sans entrailles.

Both are too severe: wicked inclinations, and cruelty of temper did not belong to Louis the fifteenth.

* It is the highest mountain of the ancient world—whose height is reckoned to be of 15,666 feet, above the level of the sea.

try. They told me he was brought there, when he was only a few months old, by a poor woman, who said she was not his mother: who was his mother, is difficult to tell, and still more who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out; but it stands to reason, that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the Bible days, which is different from these here times: so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect that they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is neither more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage, it stands to reason, that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs. —— affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices said; "are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," answered he, "I don't care."

"Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" resumed she.

"No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body."

"What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*," said the boy.

Mrs. —— was touched with the child's answers, which strongly painted his helpless lot and the cruel indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye.

"My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?"

"No, for old Robin the soot-man died last week."

"Was he your friend?"

"Yes, that he was," replied the boy; "he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

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DR. SANGRADO.

"Dr. T——" said a citizen's lady, "has an excellent method of cure; he orders no medicine but what is warm and comfortable to the stomach; and the regimen he prescribes, consists of nourishing soups and jellies, which he says, support the system, and not hot water and bleeding, like Dr. Sangrado, who starves his patients."

"Who is Doctor Sangrado?"* said Sir Robert.

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* Is it not surprising that the literate city knight had not read Gil Blas?

" I know nothing farther about him," replied she, " for I never employed him myself; but I suppose he is some Scotch Doctor; for none could have a prejudice in favour of starving, but those who are accustomed to it from their infancy."

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EULOGY ON PORT WINE.

" I NEVER knew," said Mrs. B—— " that port wine was so much relished at the universities."

" Relished!" cried W—— whom the claret he had drank after dinner had put in a gay mood, " that it is," continued he, " most of the students over and above all their other improvements, acquire at the universities a decided taste for port wine."

" It is the best taste they can acquire," said Mrs. B—— " for it is not only the cheapest, but also the wholesomest wine they can drink. I have always found it so; I have never been troubled with any complaint since I took to port, except the gout, and now and then a fit of indigestion."

*W*—— " Do you not think those sufficient?"

*B*—— " Certainly; and more than sufficient. Yet they are not owing to port, but to the cursed claret and burgundy, which I drank in my youth, and the reason is plain."

*W*—— "I will thank you for the reason, for plain as it is, I cannot see it?"

*B*—— "The reason is, because they are weaker, and colder on the stomach."

*W*—— "Those then who have confined themselves all their lives to water, should have the gout oftener and more severely than others."

*B*—— "I know nothing about water drinkers, Mrs. W——; I kept no such company: but this I do know by experience, that genuine port-wine never injured the health of man, woman, or child."

*W*—— "Port-wine does not inspire those light airy fancies, which your thin sparkling French wines produce; but solid, substantial, and weighty conversation."

*B*—— "I always found it so. Besides it keeps my gout fixed to my feet, and has never allowed it to mount to my head. Who can prove to me, that I should not have had it there long ago, if I had drank as much of your d——d washy claret, as I have done of port?"

*W*—— "Port-wine inspires politics as copiously as the streams of Castalia did poetry."

*B*—— "As for my part, I never taste any stream whatever; but I have been told that the greatest politician in the kingdom, drinks nothing but port-wine."

*W*—— "How could he otherwise have stood so long against opposition?"

*B*—— "I suspect that the leading members of opposition, deal too much in your frisky French wines, and in that stream you mentioned."

*W*—— "You think, perhaps, they had better apply to the great politician you mentioned, for a portion of his port."

*B*—— "That is my real opinion."

*W*—— "It must be owned, that a very great many people in this country are of the same opinion."

## IDEOTS.

THE morning of the day on which we departed from the Prieurè, in the valley of Chamouni, I observed a girl of a very singular appearance, sitting before the door of one of the houses. When I spoke to her, she made no answer: but an elderly man, who had been a soldier, informed me that this girl was an ideot,* and had been so from her birth.

He took me to two other houses in the village, in each of which there was one person in the same melancholy situation; and he assured me, that all over the valley of Chamouni, in a family

* In the Valais, where they are also very numerous, they are called *cretins*.

consisting five or six children, one of them generally speaking, was a perfect natural.

This was confirmed by some others, to whom I afterwards mentioned it; I was told at the same time, that the parents, so far from considering this as a misfortune, looked upon it as an indication of good luck to the rest of the family, and no unhappiness to the individual, whom they always cherish and protect with the utmost tenderness.

I asked my soldier, if any of his own family were in that situation? "Non, Monsieur," answered he, "et aussi j'ai passé une vie bien dure.*"

"Don't you think those poor creatures very unhappy?"

"Demande pardon, Monsieur—ils sont tres heureux.†"

"But you would not like to have been born in that state yourself?"

"Vous croyes donc, Monsieur, que j'aurois éte bien attrapé?‡"

"Attrapé!—Certainly, don't you think so too?"

"Pour cela non Monsieur; je n'aurois jamais travaillé.§"

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* No, Sir; thus I have lead a very painful life.

† I ask your pardon, Sir; they are very happy.

‡ You believe, then, Sir, that I would have been very sorry for it.

§ Certainly not, Sir; for I would never have been obliged to work.

To one who has through life been obliged to work hard for a bare subsistence, labour appears the greatest evil, and perfect idleness the greatest blessing. If this soldier had been brought up in idleness, and had experienced all the horrors and dejection which attend indolent luxury, very possibly he would be of a different opinion.

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BENEVOLUS,

WHO was uncommonly fond of music, was dressing to go to an opera, which was much admired, when he heard a murmuring of voices, in the passage below his chambers; on inquiry, he was told that it was occasioned by a workman who had dropped half a guinea that he had just received for his week's wages, which could not be found; and on which his own maintenance, and that of his wife and child, depended. It immediately struck Benevolus that he could afford to give the man the half-guinea by staying from the opera that night. He accordingly sent him the money and staid at home.

On another occasion, Benevolus having been prevailed on to promise to dine at a tavern with some young men, of whose company he was fond, was solicited for charity at the tavern-door by a woman with an infant suckling at each of her breasts, and two half-naked children following her. " For heaven's sake, a penny;" said the

poor woman, "to purchase some bread!"—"We are very hungry," cried the children. Benevolus thrusting his hand in his pocket found he had just a guinea, and no other money of any kind.—"Good heaven!" thought he, "I am going to throw away the greatest part of this on a dinner, and it will maintain this poor woman and her children a fortnight!." He slipped the guinea into the poor woman's hand, and returning directly to his chamber, sent an apology to the company, and dined with more delight on a mutton-chop than he had ever experienced from the most luxurious dinner.

### A JUDICIOUS MONOLOGUE.

"Had your mother followed my advice, and married a Peer, then, my dear, you would have been of noble blood by both your parents."—Thus writes my aunt. Hem! egad I am not quite sure how that might have turned out; let me consider,—My present mother's son would not in that case have been the son of my late father; nay, he might not have been a son at all; and then the Lord only knows what would have become of me: I might for what I know, instead of a boy, have been a girl. I should not have relished that; for although I should have been probably a very pretty girl, and although women are better off now than in

the days of yore, yet I fancy I am better as I am. Formerly it was a terrible bore to be a woman; now, to be sure, they have a good deal more liberty; they jaunt about every where as freely as the men; but still I don't think I should ever have been brought to like being a woman; I could never have learnt to keep my seat on horseback with both legs on the same side, like a woman. Between friends, I do not think I should ever have been so disinterested and affectionate as a woman; I am convinced I never should have been modest like a woman. Then there is the bearing of children—ah, that is the very devil! It is clear I am much better as I am; and upon the whole, my dear aunt, I am better pleased that my mother did not follow your advice.

### SARCASM.

A MEMBER of the national assembly had occasion to say something in favour of an ecclesiastic: he added, "he is indeed the honestest priest I am acquainted with—for I never was acquainted with another." The assembly laughed. I could not laugh myself at the indiscriminating satire of a witling; and because I have been more fortunate than the deputy, in my acquaintance with that order of men.

### THE FARNESE HERCULES*

HAS long been admired as an exquisite model of masculine strength; yet, admirable as it is, it does not please all the world. The women, in particular, find something unsatisfactory and even odious in this figure; which, however majestic, is deficient in the charms most agreeable to them, and which might have been expected in the son of Jupiter and beauteous Alcmena. A lady whom I accompanied to the Farnese palace turned away from it in disgust. I could not imagine what had shocked her. She told me, *after recollection*, that she could not bear the stern severity of his countenance, his large brawny limbs, and the club with which he was armed; which gave him more the appearance of one of those giants that, according to the old romance, carried away virgins, and shut them up in gloomy castles, than the gallant Hercules, the lover of Omphale. Finally, the lady declared she was convinced this statue could not be a just representation of Hercules; for it was not in the nature of things that a man so formed could ever have been a reliever of distressed damsels!

Without such powerful support as that of the fair sex, I should not have exposed myself to

* It has been transported to Naples.

the resentment of connoisseurs, by any expression which they might construe an attack upon this favourite statue; but with their support, I will venture to assert, that the FARNESE HERCULES is faulty both in his form and attitude; the former is too unweildy for active exertion; and the latter exhibits *vigour exhausted.* A resting attitude is surely not the most proper in which the all-conquering god of strength could be represented. Rest implies fatigue, and fatigue strength exhausted. A reposing Hercules is almost a contradiction. Invincible activity and inexhaustible strength are his characteristics. The ancient artist has erred not only in giving him an attitude which supposes his strength wants recruiting, but in the nature of the strength itself, the character of which should not be passive but active.

## ST. ROCHE.*

How shocked must have been sincere Catholics at what happened lately in the national as-

* That statue of St. Roche had been taken by those Vandals in the church of that name, situated in the second *arrondisement,* (jurisdiction) of the city of Paris. It is a building in a good style of architecture, erected in 1673 by Le Mercier, and finished by Robert Cote in 1736. It contains at present a few pictures, and some statues worthy of notice.

sembly, *(in September, 1792)*. Certain citizens brought to the bar a silver statue of St. Roche. "We have often addressed prayers to our St. Roche (said one of them) against the political plague which makes such ravages in France—he has given us no answer—we imagine his silence may possibly be owing to his form; and therefore bring him to you, that he may be converted into specie; hoping that, in this new shape, he will better contribute to drive the pestiferous race of our enemies out of France."*

### FRENCH GALLANTRY.

I met B— at a French house, where we had both been invited to dinner. There was an old lady of quality present, next to whom a young officer was seated, who paid her the utmost attention. He helped her to the dishes she liked, filled her glass with wine or water, and addressed

* *St. Roche* was usually invoked in times of plague and famine; as appears by the following humorous French verses:

Tourmentés de la faim,
Ménacés de la peste,
Bon St. Roche, nous ne craindrons rien
Si vous etes notre soutien:
Mais n'amenez pas votre chien;
Nous n'avons pas du pain de reste.

his discourse particularly to her.—" What a fool," says B—, " does that young fellow make of the poor old woman! If she were my mother, d—n me, if I would not call him to an account for it.*

### UNREASONABLE INCREDULITY.

I was present when a member of the French Convention informed that assembly, that being in the commission for examining certain letters in the German language which had been intercepted, he had found one from a corporal in the

* " French gallantry", says a charming writer, " may differ in the manner from that practised in England, but it is far from having any claim to superiority. The gallantry of an Englishman is a sentiment; that of a Frenchman, a system. The first, if a lady happens to be old or plain, or indifferent to him, is apt to limit his attentions to respect or utility; now the latter never troubles himself with these distinctions: he is repulsed by no extremity of years nor deformity of feature; he adores with equal ardour both young and old. I have seen a youthful beau kiss with perfect devotion a ball of cotton dropped from the hand of a lady who was knitting stockings for her grand children. Thus France is to the old what a masquerade is to the ugly —the one confounds the disparity of age, as the other does that of person; but indiscriminate adoration is no compliment to youth, nor is a mask any privilege to beauty."— *A Residence in France*, &c.

Prussian army to his wife in Silesia. In this letter, he said there were many expressions of conjugal love, and parental affection, while in the same letter the French were painted in the blackest colours. " This poor corporal," continued the member, " has had the perseverance and generosity to save two ducats out of his pay, which he inclosed in the letter to his wife, who, it appears, was then in childbed. I desire to be authorised to transmit the money, with what addition I please, to this honest corporal's wife, with a letter assuring her that the French do not deserve all the ill names which her husband gives them."

I happened to mention this story of the corporal to a Frenchman of my acquaintance.— " Le conte est beau," said he, " il n'y manque que la vraisemblance pour le rendre intéressant."*

" He had the letter in his hand," said I: " how can you doubt it?"

" If he had twenty letters," replied the Frenchman, " I must doubt it; because a Prussian corporal is generous in nothing but in *coups de batons;* and it is not in the nature of a man, who is distributing these from morning to night, to have tender affections of any kind.

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* The tale is agreeable, and only needs probability to make it interesting.

The incredulity of my French acquaintance I think unreasonable. How often do not such opposite, in appearance, and discordant qualities, inhabit the same breast!

## GOITRES,

THAT swelling of the throat and neck, is thought general among all the inhabitants of the Alps. But in some villages, on these mountains, scarcely is there any body to be seen who has that swelling.

As this disease, then, seems to be epidemical, it cannot, as has been imagined, proceed from the drinking of water impregnated with snow or ice; for this beverage is common to all the inhabitants of the Alps, and of other mountains.

If the water be in reality the vehicle of this disease, we must suppose it impregnated, not only with dissolved ice and snow, but also with some salt or other substance, possessed of the noxious quality of obstructing the glands of the throat; and we must also suppose, that this noxious substance is to be found in no other inhabited place but the Alps.

THE JACOBIN CLUB, 1792,

HOLDS its meetings in the convent of Jacobins in the rue St. Honoré,* and assumed the name of *Société de la Révolution*, and afterwards that of *Amis de la Constitution;* but they were generally called simply Jacobins.

The hall in which the Jacobins meet, is fitted up nearly in the same style with that of the National Assembly. The tribunes, or pulpit from which the members speak, is opposite to that in which the president is seated; there is a table for the secretaries, and galleries for a large audience of both sexes. Men are appointed who walk through the hall to command, or rather solicit silence, when the debate becomes turbulent, usually with very little effect: the bell of the president, and voices of the huissers are equally

* A decree of the National Convention, in the year 3, suppressed the too horrid and famous Jacobin club, and destined its scite for a market. A Latin poet has composed the following *quatrain*, after the manner of Sauteuil. Government should cause it to be inscribed on the gates of that market.

" Impia tortorum longos hic turba furores,
" Sanguinis innocui non satiata, aluit.
" Sospite nunc patriâ fracto nunc funeris antro,
" Mors ubi dira fuit, vita salusque patent."

disregarded in stormy debates: it is doubtful if Æolus himself, who

" Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
" Imperio premit,—

Could at once silence certain turbulent members, when

" His indignantes magro cum murmure—
" Circum claustra fremunt.

This society originated in a small number of deputies from Britanny. Many deputies from other provinces, the most zealous for liberty, soon joined them; and even some of the same disposition, who were not deputies, were admitted into the society. A great number of the most distinguished for talents of the assembly, as well as of the citizens of Paris, were gradually elected members; and the number has been above 1400.

Societies of the same name and nature are established all over France, which hold a regular correspondence with the parent society at Paris. There are at least ten thousand societies of this kind at Paris.

The avowed business of this society is to deliberate and debate on subjects of government, and watch over the general interests of liberty.

This society, by diffusing the spirit of freedom, and keeping the people of France steady to its

cause, was of service, while the constitution was forming, but proved its destruction after it was formed. When it became bloody, the most distinguished members in point of character and talents soon withdrew from it. The Jacobin faction produced all the disorders. Organized like an empire, and blindly governed by some ambitious men, it formed a distinct corporation in the middle of the French nation, whose power it usurped, and whose representatives it subdued.

Let us suppose a society as numerous as that of the Jacobins, with some members of both houses of parliament in it, established in Palace-yard, and that every question of a public nature was debated and decided in this club, before it was brought into either house of parliament, or while it was in agitation there; and let us further suppose that a mob is always ready, at the command of the leading members, to insult those of either house of parliament, of whose public conduct they disapprove; in this case, what would become of the present constitution of *Great-Britain*?

EMPEROR JOSEPH

Is of a middle size, well made, and of a fair complexion.

His manner is affable, obliging, and perfectly free from the reserved and lofty deportment assumed by some on account of high birth.

He is regular in his way of life, moderate in his pleasures, steady in his plans, and diligent in business. He is fond of his army, and inclined that the soldiers should have every comfort and necessary consistent with their situation. He is certainly an œconomist, and lavishes very little money on useless pomp, mistresses, or favourites. It is, I suppose, on no better foundation than this, that his enemies accuse him of avarice.

His usual dress is a plain uniform of white faced with red. When he goes to various places near Vienna, he generally drives two horses in an open chaise, with a servant behind, and no other attendant of any kind. He very seldom allows the guard to turn out as he passes thro' the gate.

Nobody ever had a stronger inclination to judicious inquiry. He is fond of conversing with ingenious people of whatever rank or country. Of all the means of knowledge this is perhaps the most powerful.

He is convinced, that unless a king can contrive to live in some societies, on a footing of equality, and can weigh his own merit, without throwing his guards and pomp into the scale, it will be difficult for him to know either the world or himself.

He mixes with the company, without ceremony or distinction; and converses in the most familiar manner with those who surround him.

There are people who having heard of the emperor's uncommon affability, and of his total contempt of pomp and parade, of which the bulk of mankind are so much enamoured, have asserted that the whole is affectation: but if the whole tenor of any person's words and actions is to be considered as affectation, I do not know by what means we are to get at the bottom of his real character.

Surely this monarch is much happier in his noble condescension, and must acquire a more perfect knowledge of mankind, than if he kept himself aloof from his subjects, continually wrapt up in his own importance, and the Imperial fur.

## ST. LOUIS DU LOUVRE.

Its original name was St. Thomas du Louvre, and a painting of the martyrdom of St. Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury, is still one of its ornaments. The roof falling into decay, was renewed in the year 1740, when the church obtained the new name of St. Louis, I know not for what reason, unless it was that the former was thought ominous; for beside the murder of the Saint, whose name it originally bore, three of the prebendaries were crushed to death by the fall of the old roof in the year 1739.

Now it is the church of an assembly of Protestants. Thus, (what is extraordinary) they worship God according to the forms of their own religion, in a Roman Catholic church, built on the spot where the massacres of St. Bartholomew began, and near that whence Charles IX. fired on his Protestant subjects.

The principal ornament of this church, is the mausoleum of Cardinal Fleury, who is represented expiring in the arms of Religion. Louis XV ordered this magnificent tomb to be erected in honour of his old preceptor and prime minister; but the monarch's affection abated as the expence increased, and became so cool before the work was finished, that it is thought the tomb would never have been completed, had not the Duke du Fleuri, and other relations of the family,

joined in defraying the expence, and animating the artists. Thus what was begun by gratitude, was finished by vanity.

On a part of the wall of this church, where a Saint formerly stood, is the following inscription:

Le devoir d'un citoyen.
Adorer—Dieu.
Respecter—la Nation.
Obéir—à la Loi.
Paix avec surveillance,
Liberté sans licence.
Egalité sans indécence.
C'est la veritable science.*

The poetry of these lines is certainly not very admirable; it were much to be wished, however, for the happiness of France, that she could obtain what is expressed in the second; as for *science*, she had no natural business among them, and must have been dragged in by her unruly relation *indecence*.

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* The duties of a citizen.
To adore—God.
To respect—the Nation.
To obey—the Law.
Peace with watchfulness.
Liberty without licentousness.
Equality without indecency.
Such is true science.

## GLACIERS.

SOME people are so fond of them, that not satisfied with their present size, they insist positively, that they must necessarily grow larger every year; and they argue the matter thus:

The present existence of the glaciers, is a sufficient proof, that there has, at some period or other, been a greater quantity of snow formed during the winter, than the heat of the summer has been able to dissolve. But this disproportion, must necessarily increase every year, and, of consequence, the glaciers must augment; because any given quantity of snow and ice, remaining through the course of one summer, must increase the cold of the atmosphere round it in some degree; which being reinforced by the snows of the succeeding winter, will resist the dissolving power of the sun, more the second summer than the first, and still more the third than the second, and so on. The glaciers, therefore, must grow larger, by an increasing ratio every year, till the end of the time. For this reason, the authors of this theory regret, that they themselves have been sent into the world so soon: because, if their birth had been delayed for nine or ten thousand years, they should have seen the glaciers in much greater glory, Mont Blanc being but a Lilliputian at present, in comparison of what it will be then.

However rational this may appear, objections have been nevertheless suggested, which I am sorry for; because when a theory is tolerably consistent, well fabricated, and goodly to behold, nothing can be more vexatious, than to see a plodding officious fellow, overthrow the whole structure at once, by a dash of his pen, as Harlequin does a house with a touch of his sword, in a pantomime entertainment.

Such cavillers say, that as the glaciers augment in size, there must be a greater extent of surface for the sun-beams to act upon, and of consequence, the dissolution will be greater, which must effectually prevent the continual increase contended for.

But the other party extricate themselves from this difficulty, by roundly asserting, that the additional cold occasioned by the snow and ice already deposited, has a much greater influence in retarding their dissolution, than the increased surface can have in hastening it: and in confirmation of their system, they tell you, that the oldest inhabitants of Chamouny,* remember the

* This valley in Savoy, which stands near the celebrated *Mont Blanc*, is about six leagues in length, and an English mile in breadth. It is bounded on all sides by very high mountains. Between the intervals of these mountains, on one side of the valley, the vast bodies of snow and ice, which are called glaciers, descend from Mount Blanc, which is their source. At present, their surface is from a thousand, or two thousand feet above the valley.

glaciers when they were much smaller than at present. For my own part, I will take no share in this controversy, the merits of which I leave to the reader's judgment.

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THE MERCHANT,

Does not, like the soldier, receive wages from his sovereign; nor like the lawyer and physician, from his fellow-subjects; his profession, is in its nature the most independent. His wealth often flows from foreign sources, and he is under no obligation to those from whom it is derived. Men who have received a liberal education, and have adopted liberal sentiments, previous to their engaging in any particular profession, will carry these sentiments with them through life: and perhaps there is no profession in which they can be exercised with more advantage and ability than in that of a merchant. In this profession, a man of the character above-described, while he is augmenting his own private fortune, will enjoy the agreeable reflection, that he is likewise increasing the riches and power of his country, and giving bread to thousands of his industrious countrymen. The habit which he is in of circulating millions, makes him lay less stress on a few guineas than the proprietors of the largest estates; and we daily see, particularly in countries where this profession is not

considered as degrading, the commercial part of the inhabitants giving the most exalted proofs of generosity and public spirit.*

But in countries where nobody, who has the smallest claim to the title of a gentleman, can engage in commerce without being thought to have demeaned himself, fewer examples of this nature will be found: and in every country it must be acknowledged, that those who have not had the advantage of a liberal education; who have been bred from their infancy to trade; who have been taught to consider money as the most valuable of all things, and to value themselves, and others in proportion to the quantity they possess; to such people money becomes a more immediate and direct object of attention, than to any other class of men; it swells in their

* The British merchants have always shewn themselves full of the sentiment of the most spirited patriotism and unbounded generosity in relieving the distresses of their countrymen. In that truly-respectable and justly-respected class of men, I could name one deservedly the uppermost amongst them, whose name never fails to begin the list of every benevolent subscription; who by his tender rewards, has protected the fair sex from the cruel hand of a designing master; and who has lately extended his munificence to the benevolent institutions of other countries.—This eulogy cannot be suspected of flattery, for it proceeds from the lips of a man, who, by misrepresentation, or errors of judgment, has lost a protection he was honoured with: but whose heart will never refuse to spirited and exalted virtue, the tribute of praise it deserves.——F. P.

imagination, is rated beyond its real worth, and at length by an inversion of the Christian precept, considered as the one thing needful.

### THE LARKS.

An amiable boy of about twelve years of age, met a man in the fields near his home, with four or five dozen of larks: the boy having amused himself by looking at them fluttering about in the basket, asked the man what he intended to do with them? and being told that he was going to sell them, "what will become of them then?" said the boy, "They will be roasted and eaten, to be sure," said the fellow. On which the boy began to bargain for the birds, merely for the pleasure of saving their lives, and giving them their liberty. He produced all the money he had, and offered it for the birds; but the man refused, saying he was sure of getting more from a gentleman who was very fond of roasted larks. "Roasted! poor little pretty creatures!" cried the boy, looking compassionately at the birds through the basket, "pray, good friend, let me have them; I will bring you more money, when I receive my next month's allowance."—"I'll be hanged, if I trust you," said the fellow, "get along," giving the boy a rude push: but as he had hold of the cover of the basket, it was raised by the push so much, as to

allow one-half of the birds to fly away; when the man endeavoured to force down the cover, the boy kept his arm between it and the edge of the basket, until all the remainder escaped. The boy's arm was severely squeezed, and his face much bruised, for the man continued to beat him after the struggle; and he would have suffered more, had not a servant who had been witness to the whole scene, interfered. His face and eyes were so much swelled and inflamed, and he was so feverish next day, that the man absconded: but the benevolent boy getting well in a few days, stopped the prosecution that was intended, and went and paid to the man's wife, out of his allowance, the full price her husband had demanded for the birds.

Certainly the singing of the lark will now not only please the benevolent youth's ear, but also convey delightful sensations to a compassionate heart like his. Some may think this reflection enthusiastic; for there are people, who consider that benevolence as frivolous, and beneath the dignity of a manly mind, which extends to such inconsiderable animals. But how can any person think so, who believes that the benevolence of the supreme being, extends to man, a creature infinitely more beneath him, than birds are beneath men? Birds seem the happiest of animals, and larks amongst the happiest of birds; they rise on exulting wings the earliest in the morning; and they sing in cheerful notes from

morning to night. Who can say there is more enjoyment in the life of man than in that of the lark.- Our benevolent boy has the pleasure to reflect, that he saved the life, and prolonged the enjoyments of creatures, each of whom has perhaps a happier existence than the generality of mankind. Can there be any comparison between the pleasure he will have in hearing such creatures rejoicing in the sky, with that which an epicure feels when he sees them in a dish! Gracious Heaven!

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### THE VERSENARY OF GENERAL QUEBEC.

"WHO is Nick the old soldier?" asked Mr. ——

"He is a poor Chelsea pensioner," answered an old woman, "who lives with his wife in that there cottage. He is liked very much in these here parts, please your honour, because he is always ready with his joke, and tells us stories of the wars, and General Wolf, and General Quebec, and such like great commanders;—but after all he is but a poor devil with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays, and upon the versenary of General Quebec."

"What is that?" said Mr. ——

"Good Lord! does your honour not know the versenary of General Quebec?" cried she.

"Not I."

" Well, that is curious," said the old woman; but we all know it in these here parts, by the means of the old Nick. Good gracious, I wish your honour but saw him at the versenary !"

" Why, what the devil is the versenary ?"

" I'll tell you particularly, please your honour," said she, " if your honour will only have a little patience."

" Well, well; let us hear."

" Why then your honour must know, that the versenary of General Quebec comes round, like Christmas, only once a year, and then old Nick appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and his fierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal sword by his side; and then he struts away to the ale-house, where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who comes there to keep the versenary along with him; and so they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed abroad: and they begin to tell stories about the wars. and describe how the battles were won by the English; and lost by the French and Spaniards; for your honour knows, that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, though they are two to one. And then old Nick gives a full and true account of how General Wolf was killed, and General Quebec taken prisoner; and then they desire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now sells ballads, to sing the *British Grenadiers*, which he does; all about Mars, the God of War, and all the other

gods descending upon spears, * and then they all join in the chorus, and beats the grenadiers' march with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords, and then I always helps Margery to carry Nick home—and then—and then—is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honour.

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VARIOUS REMEDIES FOR AN INFLUENZA.

A COUNTRY Apothecary, in the course of conversation told a gentleman that he had been visiting three or four patients in a neighbouring village, who were ill of an influenza.

" Pray," said the gentleman, " how do your medical gentlemen treat that complaint?"

" Why," replied the apothecary, " there is no saying how the physicians treat it; for some of them order one thing, and some of them another; but the surgeons generally *bleed* for it; and as for us apothecaries—we *drench*."

" Ay, that is natural enough," said the gentleman, smiling; " but you know I once studied

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* To understand this, it may be necessary to insert one stanza of the song to which the old woman alludes :

Great Jove, the God of thunder, and Mars, the God of war;
Neptune with his trident, and Apollo in his car,
And all the gods celestial, *descending from their spheres,*
To view with admiration, the British grenadiers.

physic myself, and have some general notions on the subject: so when this epidemic began among my servants and tenants, I ventured to prescribe barley-water for them."

"Barley-water!" cried the apothecary, with disdain, "you might as well as ordered them water-gruel!"

"I might so; for which reason I gave them the choice; and what do you think was the effect?"

"Why barley-water and water-gruel could have no effect," said the apothecary.

"It is indeed difficult to ascertain what is the effect of many things that are prescribed; but I can at least, tell you what was the *consequence*."

"That is the same thing," said the apothecary.

"Not quite," replied the gentleman, "though in the practice of physic, the one is often mistaken for the other."

"Well, what was the consequence?"

"Why they all recovered!"

The apothecary having remarked that there was a great difference in constitutions, took his leave abruptly.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH THEATRICAL AUDIENCE.

CONSIDERING the natural gaiety and volatility of the French nation, one may be surprised at their fondness for tragedy, especially as their tragedies are barren of incident, full of long

dialogues, and declamatory speeches; and modelled according to the strictest code of critical legislation.

The most sprightly and fashionable people of both sexes, flock to these entertainments, in preference to all others, and listen with unrelaxed gravity and attention. One would imagine that such a serious, correct, and uniform amusement would be more congenial with the pleghm and saturnine dispositions of the English, than with the gay, volatile temper of the French.

An English audience love shew, bustle, and incident in their tragedies; and have a mortal aversion to long dialogues, and speeches, however fine the sentiments, and however beautiful the language may be.

In this, it would seem, that the two nations have changed characters. Perhaps it would be difficult to account for it in a satisfactory manner. I shall not attempt it. A Frenchman would cut the matter short, by saying that the Paris audience has a more correct and just taste than that of London; that the one could be amused and delighted with poetry and sentiment, while the other could not be kept awake without bustle, guard, procession, trumpets, fighting, and murder.

KARLSCRUCH*

Is built on a regular plan. It consists of one principal street of above one English mile in length. This street is at a considerable distance in front of the palace, and in a parallel direction with it. All the other streets go off at different angles from the principal one, in such a manner as that whichsoever of them you enter, walking from it, the view is terminated by the front of the palace. The length of these smaller streets is ascertained, none of them being allowed to encroach on the spacious area, which is kept clean before the palace.

The principal street may be extended to any length, and as many additional streets as they please may be built from it, all of which, according to this plan, will have the palace for a termination. The palace is very magnificent; and built in good taste.

The houses of this town are all as uniform as the streets, being of an equal size and height; so that one would be led to imagine that none of the inhabitants, are, in any considerable degree, richer or poorer than their neighbours. There

* It is a town in the territories of the Margrave of Baden Durlach, which lie along the banks of the Rhine, immediately opposite Alsace. Rastadt, a small, and not very populous town, is the capital of this prince's dominions. His palace, however, is sufficiently large.

are, indeed, a few new houses, more elegant than the others, belonging to some of the officers of the court, built at one side of the palace; but they are not, properly speaking, in the town.

## THE NUN.

WHILE at Calais, I went to the convent of Benedictine Nuns. When I was introduced into the parlour, I sent word I desired to speak to a particular nun, who I knew had been acquainted with my relation. A nun of very genteel and interesting appearance, came to the grate.

I saw she had been crying, though she attempted to look cheerful. After a short conversation, I asked her what was the cause of her sorrowful countenance.—She was unable to speak for some time; but when she had recovered herself a little, she said, that, by a decree of the constituent assembly, when convents were thrown open, those nuns who chose to withdraw were allowed, and permission was at the same time given to those who were of a contrary opinion to remain in the convent. In consequence of which, she and twenty-four of their number, had chosen to pass the remainder of their lives in the convent, that they were happy in each other's society, and in their being free from all cares, except the important one of their salvation.—But now we are thrown back into a world

which we had renounced, which we wish to forget, and for which we have no relish: *Ah, Monsieur! nous sommes bien à plaindre;* (alas, Sir! we are much to be pitied). She continued crying and sobbing for some time; and then wiping her eyes, with a look of composure and resignation, she said, "but it is the will of God, and it becomes us to submit."

Some readers will suspect, that the young nun only affected sorrow. All that I can say is, that if she did, she was the best actress I ever beheld, and the most disinterested; for more appearance of natural grief, I cannot conceive.

I had hitherto considered the opening of convents as the giving liberty to the most unhappy of mortals, the miserable victims of avarice and superstition. But the foregoing conversation proves, that when religious impressions are deeply engraven on the heart, they become a source of happiness; which compensates for many deprivations, and throws a constant consoling ray of light into situations, which to the general eye of the world, seem quite hopeless and gloomy. Those who do not confine such impressions to cells or convents, where they can be of little use to any *except to the possessor*, but carry them into society with all the energy of active virtue, are certainly the happiest of mankind.*

* It has usually been a maxim in all civilized states, that when the general welfare necessitates some act of partial

## COURAGE AND HUMANITY.

On the bloody Tenth of August, after the Swiss who defended the Thuilleries, began to give way, and when those ill-fated soldiers, assailed on all sides, were slaughtered without remorse, a citizen of Paris,* had the humanity and the

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injustice, it shall be done with the utmost consideration for the sufferer, and that the required sacrifice of moral to political expediency, shall be palliated, as much as circumstances will admit, by the manner of carrying it into execution. But the French legislators, in respect to the nuns, as in most others, being truly original, have disdained all imitation, and have been rarely guided by such confined motives. They have banished the religious females from their convents, with a mixture of meanness and barbarity which at once excites contempt and detestation. The most implacable revenge, the most refined malice, the extremes of avarice and cruelty, have been wrought in France into tragedies, and displayed as acting under the mask of religion, and the impunity of a cloister; while operas, and farces, with ridicule more successful, have exhibited convents as abodes of licentiousness, intrigue, and superstition, Thus, at the moment the nuns were thrown upon the world, they were painted as monsters unworthy of its pity or protection. It is the cowardice of the assassin, who murders before he dares to rob.

* What a contrast between the character of this man, and that of those blood-thirsty Marseillois, who, in cool blood, assassinated all the unarmed Swiss they met in the streets of Paris!

courage to protect one of them, whom he saw overpowered by numbers.

Having torn this poor Swiss from the hands of his assailants, he conducted him over the bodies of his countrymen to the bar of the national assembly.—" Here (cried the generous Frenchman), let this brave soldier find protection—I have saved him from the fury of my fellow-citizens, whose enemy he never was, and only appeared so through the error of others; that is now expiated, and oh! let him in this hall find mercy!"

Having expressed himself thus, he threw his arms around the neck of the soldier; and overcome by fatigue of body and agitation of mind, he actually fainted in the arms of him whose life he had saved.

The spectators could not but be affected by this scene, when the man had by their care, recovered his recollection, he begged that he might be permitted to carry the Swiss to his house; for he said it would be a happiness to him, to lodge and maintain during life, the person whom he had had the good fortune to snatch from death.

## MARIE CHARLOTTE CORDAY*

WAS a beautiful young woman of an unblemished character, distinguished for dignity of sentiment and benevolence of heart; but who had never given cause of suspicion of a disturbed understanding, nor until she struck a poniard into the heart of Marat, any indication of a violent temper.

She was not prompted to this rash action by any personal indignity offered to herself, by rage, by love, by jealousy, by religious enthusiasm, or any of those sentiments which alone have been thought capable of urging women to such deeds. She saw her country in calamitous circumstances; she dreaded their increase from the wickedness of one man whom the law could

* Miss Corday was a native of the department *du Nord*, and had from her earliest years been carefully educated by an aunt who lives at Caen. Before she was twenty she had decided on taking the veil, and her noviciate was just expired when the constituent assembly interdicted all religious vows for the future. She then left the convent, and resided entirely with her aunt. The beauty of her person, and particularly her mental accomplishments, rendered her an object of much admiration. She spoke uncommonly well, and her discourse often turned on the ancients, and on such subjects as indicated that masculine turn of mind which ultimately proved her destruction.

not reach; she was convinced that by killing him, she would be of more service to her country than by all the exertions of a long life."— "I killed one man," she declared at her trial, "to save a hundred thousand." She formed her design coolly, without entrusting any mortal with her intention: She undertook a long journey to accomplish it: She weighed all its consequences: She calculated on death, and in a more dreadful shape than that in which she afterwards met with it; she expected to be torn in pieces by the mob, or that her body would be dragged through the streets. The idea of these horrors did not shake the steadiness of her mind. She looked for no recompense but in the reflection of having prevented the death of thousands. She was allowed an advocate to assist at her trial. M. Chauveau, when the evidence was finished, pronounced the following brief speech to the Jury:* "L'accusée avoue avec sang-froid

* The prisoner acknowledges the act of which she is accused; she acknowledges, that she has long premeditated it; she acknowledges the various circumstances; in short, she acknowledges the whole accusation, and takes no pains to justify herself. In this, Gentlemen of the Jury, lies her entire defence. This astonishing calmness, this total self-denial, which betrays no remorse, even in the very presence of death; this calm and this abnegation seem not to be in nature; they cannot be accounted for but on the supposition that political fanaticism put the poniard into her hand; and it belongs to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to determine what weight that consideration should have in the scale of justice.

" l'attentat qu'elle a commis; elle en avoue
" la longue préméditation; elle en avoue les
" circonstances; en un mot, elle avoue tout,
" et ne cherche pas même à se justifier. Voila,
" Citoyens Jurés, sa défense toute entiere. Ce
" calme imperturbable, et cette entiere abnèga-
" tion de soi même, qui n'annonce aucun re-
" mords, et, pour ainsi dire, en presencede la mort
" même; ce calme, et cette abnègation sublime,
" sous un rapport, ne sont pas dans la na-
" ture; ils ne peuvent s'expliquer que par l'éx-
" altation du fanatisme politique qui lui a mis
" le poignard à la main, et c'est à vous, Citoy-
" ens Jurés, à juger de quel poids doit être cette
" considération morale dans la balance de la
" justice."

The jury unanimously found her guilty. Sentence of death was pronounced. She then addressed M. Chauveu to this effect. " Sir, you
" have spoken in my defence in delicate and ge-
" nerous terms; it was the only style proper for
" me. I thank you. It has inspired me with
" esteem for you, of which I will give you a
" proof. The judges have informed me that my
" goods are confiscated. I am indebted for
" some things at the prison. I charge you to ac-
" quit that debt."

A little before her execution, a confessor was introduced to her, and offered his services; she thanked him, and expressed a sense of obliga-

tion to those who had sent him; but said she had no need of his services.*

When the officers entered her chamber to conduct her to death, she mildly begged to be excused for a few minutes until she had finished the letter she was then writing to her father.

The populace, in spite of their prejudice in favour of Marat, were so struck with her undaunted deportment, that they did not, according to their custom, insult her as she was carried to execution. She occasionally smiled as she passed; and by that alone shewed that she paid them any attention. On the scaffold, her face displayed the bloom of health, and the serenity of a mind undisturbed.

Assassination can in no case be entirely justified; but this seems the least culpable, and most disinterested instance that can be imagined; and the whole behaviour of MARIE CHARLOTTE CORDAY exhibits a benevolence of intention, and heroic firmness of mind, that perhaps have never been surpassed by woman or by man.

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* Her refusal of the assistance of a *constitutional* priest at the scaffold, strengthens the opinions of many, that her former habits had some share in the choice of her victim, for Marat was the avowed persecutor of priests and religion.

### FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

In most countries the people of great rank and fortune, though they flock to every kind of entertainment, from not knowing what to do with themselves, yet seem to enjoy them less than those of inferior rank and fortune. Those who wish to be thought of what is called the *ton*, imitate the maukish insipidity of their superiors in rank, and imagine it distinguishes them from the vulgar, to suppress all the natural expressions of pity, joy, or admiration; and to seem, upon all occasions, in a state of complete apathy. Those amiable creatures frequent public places, that it may be said of them, *they are not as other men are.* Placed in the boxes at the playhouse, they appear like so many busts, with unchanging features.—they do not yield to the emotions excited by the poet and the actors, except that they, from time to time, pronounce the words *pshaw!* and *stuff!*—One would think them the express representatives of the *Pagan gods*, who *have eyes but do not see, and ears but do not hear.*

### ITALIAN PEASANTRY.

In travelling through Italy, one is agreeably disappointed in finding the state of the poorer part of the inhabitants less wretched, than from

the account of some travellers, one would imagine it was. There is to be seen far more poverty than misery. Even the extremities of indigence are accompanied with less wretchedness here, than in many other countries. This is partly owing to the mildness of the climate, and fertility of the soil, and partly to the peaceable, religious, and contented disposition of the people. The miseries which the poorer part of mankind suffer from cold, are, perhaps, greater than those derived from any other source whatever. But in Italy the gentleness of the climate protects them from this calamity nine months of the year. If they can gather as much wood as to keep a moderate fire during the remaining three, and procure a coarse cloak, they have little to fear from that quarter. Those who cannot get employment, which is often the case, and even those who do not choose to work, receive a regular maintenance from some convent: with this, and what little they can pick up otherwise. in a country where provisions are plentiful and cheap, they pass through life, in their own opinion, with more satisfaction than if they had a greater number of conveniences procured by much bodily labour. What they do gain is never wasted in intemperance, but spent in their families on the real necessaries, and comforts of life.

## THE FRENCH IN 1779—AND IN 1792.

THE French are accused of insincerity, and of being warm in professions, but devoid of real friendship.

Our countrymen, in particular, are led into this opinion, from the manners in general being more obsequious in France than in England. What Frenchmen consider as common good manners, many Englishmen would call flattery, perhaps fawning.*

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* In a work published many years ago, intitled "*Sentimental and Descriptive Tour,*" &c. we read the following observations :—

> " The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried
> " Link into thy soul with hooks of steel !"

" Would the *expression* of friendship do, what hooking there would be at Paris !—how many chains and how many links !—every man is *the friend* of every man wherever an approach to equality admits the appellation.—The sharper of quality, addresses the credulous dupe with *mon ami* ; *mon ami* is bandied to and fro between the parasite and his epicurean ; whilst from the lips of *la petite maitresse* to her protector, it flows even to satiety. In fine, wherever there are characters interested and *professing*, the heart is sure to be assailed with this expression of regard.—Just heaven ! shall what comprehends all that is great, all that is honourable, " whatever is of good report," shall this be prostituted by worthlessness ?—Are my head, my heart, my arm, ready to perform to every honourable necessity of another ? Then, rank me *friend*.—Fashioners and refiners of language, if it be possible, lock up this sacred epithet,

Their language abounds with complimental phrases, which they distribute with wonderful profusion and volubility; but they intend no more by them, than an Englishman means when he subscribes himself your most obedient humble servant, at the conclusion of a letter.

A Frenchman not only means nothing beyond common civility, by the plentiful shower of com-

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beyond the reach of knaves and fools; or, if this may not be, provide a substitute, and declare it obsolete.

"It may not be unworthy of remark, that the French have not in their language any word equivalent to our *acquaintance.**

"This alone, might prove the duplicity of the nation; they are lavish in bestowing an epithet, which their own feelings convince them, has no meaning at all annexed; whilst the usage of every other nation, ancient or modern, by the adoption of inferior names, evinces that they had an abstract idea of such a character, however rarely it might appear in existence.

"How the *vos amis* could have crept into any tongue, is to me unaccountable:—many words in languages have no plural—there may be *honest fellows*;—there may be *acquaintances*;—there may be *intimates*;—(wordlings, pardon me!) there can be but *one friend.*"

Although full of energy, delicacy, and sentiment, is not this too severe a satire against the French, and destitute of that philosophical moderation, and discriminating sagacity, which characterise Dr. Moore's observations!

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* Do not the French words *connoissances*, and *liaisons*, answer to the English expression, *acquaintances*? Is then the above expression founded on truth?

pliments which he pours on every stranger, but also, he takes it for granted, that the stranger knows that nothing more is meant. If any man takes these expressions in a literal sense, and believes that people are really inspired with friendship, or have fallen in love with him at first sight, he will be very much disappointed, especially if he expects strong proofs of either.*

Yet he has no right to accuse the French of insincerity, or breach of friendship—Friendship is entirely out of the question. They never intend to convey any other idea than, that they were willing to receive him on the footing of an acquaintance; and it was the business of his language-master to have informed him of the real import of their expressions.

It may be said, perhaps, that this superfluity of compliments, which the French make use of, is a proof that they have less sincerity than their neighbours. By the same rule we must conclude, that the common people of every nation, who use few complimentary phrases in their discourse, have a greater regard to truth, and

* I fear that what a French gentleman once said to me of the Parisians, is applicable to the general character of the nation, "*Ils sont tous égoistes,*" and they would not do a benevolent action at the risk of soiling a coat, or tearing a ruffle.—Their cautious disposition, makes them consider either misfortunes or benefits, only as their personal interest is affected by them.

stronger sentiments of friendship, than those in the middle and higher rank. But this is, what I imagine would be difficult to prove.

It is certainly something to be treated with civility and apparent kindness; and I think that a stranger may fairly avail himself of every conveniency arising from the obliging manners of the French. He may perceive that his *Parisian friend*, while he loads him with civilities, is making a display of his own proficiency in the science of politeness; and that his *stooping*, is with a view to *conquer*, why should he repine at a victory which is accompanied with so many conveniencies to himself? why quarrel with the motive, while he feels the benefit of the effect?

Politeness and good manners, may be traced in France, though in different proportions, through every rank, from the greatest of the nobility to the lowest mechanic. This forms a more remarkable and distinguishing feature in the French national character, than the vivacity, impetuosity, and fickleness, for which the ancients as well as the modern inhabitants of this country have been noted.—The man of power, is courteous to his dependents, the prosperous to the unfortunate, the very beggar, who solicits charity, does it, *en homme comme il faut*; and if his request be not granted, he is sure, at least, that it will be refused with an appearance of humanity, and not with harshness or insult. There are exceptions to these, as to all general remarks

on the manners and character of any nation.—But in general, good manners prevail in France.*

* We think proper here to oppose to this too precipitate, and perhaps more flattering than true picture of the French, drawn by Dr. Moore, the judgment of a fair writer, who, by a longer residence in France, may have been better enabled to appreciate the French character, leaving to our impartial, and enlightened readers, to say where the truth lies.

" It is observable, that we examine, less scrupulously, the pretensions of a nation to any particular excellence, than we do those of an individual.—I can conceive no other cause, but that, for our having acquiesced in the claims of the French, to pre-eminent good breeding, in an age, when, I believe, no person acquainted with both nations, can discover any thing to justify them. If, indeed, politeness consisted in the repetition of a certain routine of phrases, unconnected with the mind or action, I might be obliged to decide against our country; but while decency makes a part of good manners, or feeling is preferable to a mechanical jargon, I am inclined to think the English have a merit more than they have hitherto ascribed to themselves. —An impertinence, is no less an impertinence, because it is accompanied by a certain set of words, and a people who are indelicate to excess, cannot properly be denominated *a polite people.*

A French man or woman, with no other apology than *permettes-moi*, (give me leave) will take a book out of your hand, look over any thing you are reading, and ask you a thousand questions as to your most private concerns; place themselves between you and the fire, and take hold of your clothes to guess what they cost, and they deem these acts of rudeness sufficiently qualified by—*Je vous demande bien des*

Loyalty, or an uncommon fondness for, and attachment to, the person of their prince, is another striking part of the French national character.

They consider him as their friend, though he does not know their persons; as their protector, though their greatest danger is from a *lettre de*

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*pardons*, (I ask you a thousand pardons). Nothing is more common than to hear physical derangements, disorders, and their remedies, expatiated upon by the parties concerned, amidst a room full of people, and that with so much minuteness of description, that a foreigner, without being very fastidious, is, on some occasions, apt to feel very unpleasant sympathies. The conversation in most societies, partakes of indecency, and the manners of an English female, are in danger of becoming contaminated, while she is only endeavouring to suffer without pain, the custom of those she has been taught to consider as models of politeness.—In short, it would be impossible to enumerate, all that in my opinion, excludes the French from the character of a well-bred people.—So little are they susceptible of delicacy, propriety, and decency, that they do not even use the words in the sense we do, nor have they any others expressive of the same meanings.

" But if they be deficient in the external form of politeness, they are infinitely more so in that politeness which may be called mental. The simple and unerring rule of never preferring one's self, is to them more difficult of comprehension, than the most difficult problem in Euclid: in small things as well as great, their own interest, their own gratification, is their leading principle; and the cold flexibility which enables them to clothe their selfish system, in *fair form*, is what they call politeness."——" *A Residence in France, by a Lady, prepared for the Press by J. Gifford, Esq.*"

*cachet*; and as their benefactor, though they are oppressed with taxes.

They magnify into importance, his most indifferent actions; they palliate and excuse all his weaknesses, and they impute his errors or crimes to his ministers or evil counsellors. If he happens to be a little indisposed, all Paris, all all France, is alarmed.

They are so delighted and dazzled with the lustre of monarchy, that they cannot bear the thoughts of any qualifying mixture, which might abate its violence, and render its ardour more benign.

They consider the power of the king, as if it were their own power. They are proud of it. They are proud that there is no check or limitation to his authority.

*N. B. Dr. Moore thus delineated the character of the French in* 1779; *how altered, and even opposite, is the picture he drew in* 1792, *of the same people!* *

* Dr. Moore, thus accounts for the alteration in an advertisement he prefixed to the ninth Edition of his *View of Society in France, &c.* published in 1800:—

"The late revolution in France," says that judicious writer, "has been considered as a proof, that an erroneous idea of the sentiments of the French nation on the subject of government, is conveyed in this work. It ought to be remembered, that in an interval of ten years, nations of a more steady character than the French, have changed their political sentiments and conduct.

What a contrast does the French present now! They seemed anciently proud to think that they possessed loyalty, if not exclusively, at least in a higher degree than any other people. Hitherto the French populace had been as much accustomed to applaud their king, whatever his character was, as often as he appeared in public, as the ancient Egyptians were to worship whatever the priests presented to them, whether in a form of a crocodile or a calf. But no sign of applause, not so much as a single *Vive le Roi*, when the king of France arrived at the Thuilleries. Although the streets were crowded with people,

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" A traveller, who passed through England, in the year 1649, would give a very different account of the general bias of political opinions, from what would be given by another who lived in the same country at the year of the restoration, and yet both accounts might be just.

" What a very opposite turn did the national sentiment again take towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second, when Russell and Sidney suffered; and afterwards when the seeds of liberty, which those patriots had sown, came to maturity, and produced the revolution!

" Opinions, as well as manners, are continually varying; all that an observer can do, is to catch them *living as they rise*, and describe them as they are; not as they will be when they alter and die.

" Those who are acquainted with what the prevalent manners and opinions of the French were when these letters, and the *Journal* first appeared, will perhaps do the author the justice to say that, the view he has given, is pretty accurate."

they maintained a sullen silence. The French now, at least all of them who remain in France, are solicitous to declare that they never possessed an enthusiastic loyalty. They disavow this sentiment, now that the power of the most mild and equitable monarch is abridged. It is then pretty clear, on what that boasted loyalty was founded, and how far it was disinterested.

Long before the French had any wish to become republicans, and to affect roughness of manners as suitable to that character, many of them had lost a great part of that decorum and politeness for which the nation in general was distinguished.* They have been accused of paying so great an attention to politeness, that they neglected morality. Nothing, now that the royal family are prisoners, shocks a stranger more than the unrelenting and indelicate style in which the queen is spoken of. They are now in danger of neglecting politeness, without paying more attention to morality; † and of losing

* During the interval between the return of the king from Varennes, and his acceptance of the constitution, an officer of the national-guards played at fives one day with the dauphin, to amuse the child, in the presence of the queen. The officer, striking the ball obliquely, it had very near hit her; on which, by way of apology, he politely exclaimed: "*Eh, mon Dieu! ma boule va tout de travers comme l'ancien regime.*"

† "The boasted philosophy of the French," says the unknown writer of a *Residence in France, &c.* "is become a

every attribute of courtiers, except that of abandoning the unfortunate.

A fickleness of disposition may be considered as the general characteristic of the populace of every nation; but it certainly belongs in a stronger degree, and more particularly to the French. They have displayed it in a manner striking with respect to their favourites, * and their taste for governments.

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horrid compound of all that is offensive to heaven, and disgraceful to man; their boasted politeness, a ferocious incivility—their social elegance, and exclusive science in the enjoyment of life, are now reduced to suspicious intercourse.

" If ever the character of a people were repugnant to amity, or inimical to connection, it is that of the French for the last three years, (since 1789). In this short space, they have formed a compendium of all the vices which which have marked a many preceding ages:—the cruelty and treachery of the league—the sedition, levity, and intrigue of the Fronde; with the licentiousness and political corruption of more modern epochs."

* *La Fayette* the hero of the revolution, was abandoned with the same levity with which he had been adopted, and sunk, in an instant, from a dictator to a fugitive.—*Necker* was an idol of another description. One was for decreeing him a statue, another proposed him a pension, and a third, hailed him the father of the country.—But Mr. Necker knew the French character; and before he could have received the first quarter of his pension, or the statue could have been modelled, he was glad to escape, probably not without some apprehension for his head.—The reign of

The extreme sensibility and vivacity* of the French, prompt them too often to decide on

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*Mirabeau* was sometime longer. He lived with popularity —died with his reputation—was deposited in the pantheon, *apotheosised* in form—But the God of the French cannot be called immortal—his deification is soon after suspended —his memory put in sequestration—and his ashes removed from the Pantheon.

* " We mistake," says the author above cited: " their volubility for vivacity; for in their public offices, their shops, and in any transaction of business, no people on earth can be more tedious—they are slow, irregular, and loquacious; and a retail English Quaker, with all his formalities, would dispose of half his stock in less time than you can purchase a three sols stamp from a brisk French commis.

" The French pique themselves on being more subject to that human weakness called *feeling* than any other people in the world; all their writers abound in pathetic exclamations, sentimental phrases, and allusions to *La sensibilité Francaise*; you can scarcely hold a conversation with a Frenchman without hearing him detail, with an expression of features not always analogous, many very affecting sentences. He is *desolé, désespéré,* or *obligé,*—he has *le coëur sensible, le coëur sérré, ou le coëur navré.* But I think, that one of the distinguishing features in the French character is *sang-froid.* They not only bear the calamities of their friends with great philosophy, but are nearly as reasonable under the pressure of their own. The grief of a Frenchman is always ready to accept of consolation, and join in amusement. If you say your relation is dead, they reply coldly, " *il faut se consoler;*" or if they visit you in an illness, " *il faut prendre patience;*" or tell them you are ruined, with a more commiserating tone, they confess: " *c'est bien malheureux;—mais enfin que voulez vous?*"

sudden impulses without taking time to weigh and deliberate. They never reflect during the first impression. They receive it with astonishing sensibility; but these impressions are effaced,* and give way to others of different nature with a rapidity as extraordinary, as the acuteness with which they were first felt; which makes the French appear in the eyes of their neighbours, sometimes in the light of children, and sometimes in that of madmen. But when in consequence of that it is imagined that they will be easily taken advantage of, they display on a sudden, and when least expected, a maturity and

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" Perhaps this real *sang-froid*, and these pretensions to sensibility, are a natural consequence one of the other. It is the history of the beast's confession—we have only to be particularly deficient in any quality to make us solicitous for the reputation of it; and after a long habit of deceiving others, we finish by deceiving ourselves.—I think this French sensibility is to genuine feeling, what their paste is to the diamond—it gratifies the vanity of the wearer and deceives the eye of the superficial observer, but is of little use or value, and when tried by the fire of adversity quickly disappears."

* " The French are volatile and material; they are not very capable of attachment to principles. External objects are requisite for them even in a slight degree; and the momentary enthusiasm that is obtained by affecting their senses, subsides with the conclusion of a favourite air, or the end of a gaudy procession." *A Residence in France, &c.*

soundness of judgment more surprising than all the rest.*

Tête-a-tête, or in a very small circle, the French are generally as calm,* and generally

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* Under the externals of levity, the French are a very prudent people, and they may be sometimes deceived through a deficiency of judgment, but I believe not often by unguardedness: and in a matter of interest a *petit maitre* of five and twenty might *tout en badinage* (all in the way of pleasantry) maintain his ground against a whole synagogue. —This disposition is not remarkable only in affairs that may be supposed to require it, but extends to the minutest objects; and the same œconomy which watches over the mass of a Frenchman's estate, guards with equal solicitude the *menu* property of a log of wood, or a hen's nest." *Ibid.*

* The French consider as a matter of triumph, and as a peculiar advantage which their national character enjoys over the English, that smoothness of manner and guardedness of expression which they call *aimable*, and which they have the faculty of attaining and preserving distinctly from a correspondent temper of the mind. It enables them to deceive even without deceit, a Frenchman may be an unkind husband, a severe parent, or an arrogant master, yet never contract his features, or asperate his voice; and for this reason, is in the national sense, *un homme bien doux*. His heart may become corrupt, his principles immoral and his disposition ferocious—yet he shall still retain his equability of tone and complacent phraseology, and be *un homme bien aimable*.

" I do not pretend to decide whether the English are virtually more gentle in their nature than the French; but I am persuaded this *douceur* on which the latter pride them-

more ingenious than their neighbours; but a numerous assembly of Frenchmen almost always become turbulent.*

As for *mauvaise honte* there is no such thing in France; I wonder how they came by the expression.

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selves, affords no proof of the contrary. An Englishman is seldom out of humour, without proclaiming it to all the world: the most forcible motives cannot always prevail on him to assume a more engaging external than that which delineates his feelings. An Englishman displeased, in short is neither *un homme bien doux*, nor *un homme bien aimable*; but such as nature has made him, subject to infirmities and sorrows, and unable to disguise the one, or appear indifferent to the other. Our country has doubtless, produced many examples of depravity; but scarcely any instance can be produced where a ferocious disposition was not accompanied by corresponding manners;—or where men who would plunder and massacre, affected as the French revolutionaries, to retain at the same time, habits of softness, and a conciliating physiognomy."

* If according to the eloquent Athenian, *action*, the first, second and third points in eloquence, the French must be reckoned a very eloquent people. They assent with a *shrug*; and the *shrug* is a part of action. They dissent with a *shrug*; and even mark the various degrees of assent and dissent, by *shrugging*. The worst of it is, that this mode of argumentation is unanswerable, at least by an Englishman. You advance an opinion, the French *shrugs*, every power of reasoning is discomfited: it is in vain to rally. The operation of the dissenting *shrug* is unremitting. A Frenchman thoroughly trained in the fields of controversy, will convey more in five minutes, by dint of elevated shoulders, eyes

With whatever complacency the French contemplate themselves,* the very lowest show no positive hatred to foreigners. They imagine that it is an honour to be born in France; but they do not think it a disgrace to be born elsewhere, as the people of the same rank in England do.

Perhaps it is characteristic of the French more than of any other nation, to blend sentiments of gaiety with those of atrocity; although every idea of belonging to the latter ought to exclude all tendency to the former. Instances of this unnatural mixture are not unusual in the writings of Voltaire, and many shocking proofs of it occur in the course of the French Revolution.†

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closed, forehead wrinkled, and the *etcæteras* of grimace, than the generality of Englishmen could explain by words in as many hours.

* It is a common remark, that though a Frenchman may suppose the merit of his countrymen to be collectively superior to that of the whole world, he seldom allows any individual of them to have so large a portion as himself.

† Volumes might be filled with the proofs of the truth of this remark—we have selected the following anecdote, as strikingly characteristic of the levity and ferociousness which we meet in the French.—A woman of seventy-five, deaf, blind, and deprived of the use of her hands, was brought before the atrocious revolutionary tribunal sitting at the Abbaye.—The president asked her as usual, "if she had not conspired against the state?"—The poor woman gave him to understand by signs, that she could not hear, and a cry-

I am strongly inclined to think that their sudden transition from a Government of rigid controul to one indulgent, will have some bad effect on the conduct and mind of a people of so much levity of character.* It proved to them a consolation in the gloom of despotism, it may be pernicious in the sunshine of liberty. They have reared its pillar with such rapidity and to such a height, that it seems to have rendered them more giddy than ever.

When we take into consideration the delightful climate and cheering productions of that fine and fertile country. When we recollect that enviable cheerfulness and gaiety of the inhabi-

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er of the court was ordered to go near enough to make her comprehend the question, and to repeat it.—" How is it possible," returned the prisoner, " that in this state of infirmity, and deaf as I am, I should conspire against the Republic?"—" *Citoyens,*" (cried the President, turning towards the Jury) *cette femme conspire sourdement.*—The Jury laughed aloud, and applauded this abominable pleasantry, and the woman was condemned and executed.—It was certainly in consequence of that cold ferocity, he had observed in the French character, that an English gentleman detained in a *maison d'arrêt* being asked by a Republican commissary, why he was there, replied, " Because I have not the *misfortune* to be a Frenchman."

* This prophecy has been, by the events which have followed, but too strongly and unfortunately verified.

tants,* which taught them to banish ennui, to relax the stiff features of formality, to enliven gloom, and render joy more joyful; when we

* "I have always thought with Stern;" says the fair writer of *A Residence in France*, &c. "that we were mistaken in supposing the French a gay nation. Every one who understands the language, and has mixed much in their society, must have made the same observation. It is true they laugh much, have great gesticulation, and are extravagantly fond of dancing: but the laugh is the effect of habit, and not of a risible sensation: the gesture is not the agitation of the mind operating upon the body, but constitutional volatility.—See two Frenchmen at a distance, and the vehemence of their action, and the expression of their features, shall make you conclude they are discussing some subjects, which not only interests, but delight them. Enquire, and you will find they were talking of the weather, or the price of a waistcoat.—In short, we mistake that for a mental quality which, in fact, is but a corporeal; and though the French may have many good and amiable points of character, I do not include *gaiety* in the number. I appeal to those who have at all studied the French character, not as travellers, but by a residence amongst them, for the support of my opinion."

After having thus presented to our judicious readers the two contradictory evidences of Dr. Moore, and of the interesting writer of *A Residence in France*, relating to our gallic neighbours, we will abstain from deciding between two such respectable authors, and leave to that impartial jury, the public, to give a verdict.

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

But may not this contrariety of opinions between two authors of such eminent merit, and great perspicacity, result from their different situations when observing that country?

reflect on these, and on the unexampled calamities into which so many millions of human creatures, so formed, are involved; we must acknowledge that the sum-total of human happiness destroyed by the French Revolution, is great indeed.

## THE COXCOMB.

THE minuteness and accuracy with which he attends to all the variations of dress, as they appear on the great leaders of fashion are astonishing. As soon as he has made any new discovery, whether in the height of the cape of the

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—Dr. Moore travelled in France as a man of science, and letters: he was *fêted* from one house to another, among that class of people who are every where alike. As soon as he appeared in society, his reputation, as an author, may have set all the national and personal vanity in it afloat. One was polite for the honour of his country; another brilliant, to recommend himself; and have an honourable insertion in his repertory of fame. Thus he passed from the literati, and fashionable people of one metropolis, to those of the next. Thus the manners of the intermediate classes, which are less obtrusive, were not within his notice.—But the writer of *A Residence in France*, having been some years domesticated in that country, having lived with its inhabitants, and seen them without disguise, may, by means of long and familiar intercourse, have been enabled to estimate more justly the French national character.

frock, the cut of its sleeve, or in the length of the breeches, he communicates it to his taylor, by whose rapid industry, although a mere copier, he sometimes passes for the original inventor. And as boots and buckskin breeches are essential articles in a British fop's wardrobe, he is profusely provided with both; indeed none of the most eminent collectors of the age, surpass him in the variety of switches, horse-whips, shoe-buckles, shirt-pins, seals, and watch-chains which adorn his museum. The hair-dresser with the help of the sportsman's calender, and Harris's List, clear him without a great deal of yawning of two hours immediately before dinner; after which he is seldom at a loss, having the play-house or opera till eleven at night, and Ranelagh or the tavern till three in the morning, when he is not engaged to some ball or private dance, to which he receives invitations, which, with the cards of his visitors, are attentively placed on his chimney: such as are graced with titles, being conspicuously mustered in the front, while the lower order occupy the center and rear ranks.

## THE INTEMPERATE YOUTH.

HAVING early lived with friends and companions of that description, he has gradually been seduced into frequent intoxication. He once

perhaps, promised better things. He was of an active temper, of a most obliging disposition, with natural quickness, some desire of fame, the most blessed of all dispositions, the source of improvement, and the best preservative against *ennui*.—Now, by the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors, he rises every morning with a confused head and heart, filled with remorse; his nerves unstrung, and his temper unsupportable. For those complaints he seeks a cure in the very source of his disease; and does not recover any degree of ease and good-humour, until he has lodged a quantity of strong liquors in his stomach; this proves a most treacherous palliative; all his ailments recur with augmented force the next day, and require an augmented doze to alleviate them. The only comfortable part of his life, (if any part of such a life can be called comfortable) begins some time *after dinner*; after a certain number of glasses, his ill-humour gradually diminishes, and as the bottle continues to circulate, he advances in chearfulness to a certain point, at which his ideas from gay become confused, acquiring every moment more and more obscurity until he is carried in a state of stupor to bed. Thus the immoderate use of spirituous liquors has perverted all the faculties of his mind, blunted all his powers of enjoyment, and hurries him to a premature grave.

"These are as sweet a pair of pistols as any in the three kingdoms;" said an officer, shewing a pair to a friend, "and have done execution before now; at the slightest touch, off they go, as sweet as honey, without either recoiling or dipping. I never travel without them."

"I never heard of highwaymen in this part of the country."

"Nor I," replied the officer, "and if I had I should not trouble myself to carry the pistols on their account—Highwaymen are a species of sharks who are not fond of attacking us lobsters; they know we are a little too hard to crack. No, my dear sir, highwaymen know that soldiers have not much money; and what they have they fight for."

"Since that is the case, how come you to travel always with pistols?"

"Because," answered the officer, "I find them very useful in accommodating any little difference I may accidentally have with a friend, or which one friend may chance to have with another."

### THE CLOWN.

"ALL the country praises her ladyship;" said a country lad, "with one universal discord."

"Get you gone, Mr. *Discord*," cried with impatience the gentleman whom he was addressing.

"My name is Nightingale, sir," said the lad sulkily as he retired, "and it was my father's name likewise."

### PETRARCH AND LAURA.

Two English travellers, accompanied by a French officer, went to view, during a short residence at Avignon, * the tomb of Laura, † the celebrated mistress of Petrarch, and of Crillon so distinguished for his bravery during the war of the league, and the reign of Henry the fourth in France.

* It is an handsome and large town of the department of *Vaucluse*, capital of the county of that name, situated on the river Rhone. It was under the sovereignty of the Pope, till the year 1791; when its inhabitants united themselves to the French Republic.

† That tomb was, before the revolution, in the church of Cordeliers, a very fine gothic building, in which there were also some valuable paintings.

Speaking of this celebrated Lady, the officer observed, " that whatever other accomplishments Laura possessed, she certainly had no great taste for poetry, otherwise the admired sonnets which Petrarch had composed in her praise would have moved her more, and enabled him at length to have carried his point."

" It is not very clear what his point was;" said one of the English travellers.

" Diable!" cried the officer, with an air of astonishment, " I should have thought *that* the clearest thing in the world."

" Certain historians assert," added the English gentleman, " that Pope Benoit the twelfth, advised him to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined."

" That proves nothing," said the officer; " the point he wished to carry might be clear for all that."

" The reason that he assigned for declining the pope's advice," resumed the Englishman, " was lest the familiarities of the married state should abate the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love."

" *Parbleu*," exclaimed the officer, *voila un animal bien délicat;* " it is," added he, " as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite."

## CAPTAIN BRAVO.

*The following conversation took place between an Irish captain and a young student, while waiting for their adversaries, on the ground fixed for a rendezvous, to settle an affair of honour.*

"PERHAPS," said the captain, "this is the first business of the kind in which you were ever engaged."

The young student acknowledged it was.

"Nay, I do not blame you, my dear, because you are still very young; but for my own part, I was twice *out* before I arrived at your age.—The first time, was with a relation of my own, who said he would see my courage tried before he would contribute with the others towards the purchase of my first commission; so I sent him word that I would be happy to give him one proof the very next morning; and when we met, I touched him so smartly in the leg, that he has halted ever since. But all his doubts being now removed, he cheerfully contributed his quota with the rest of my relations, and we have been very good friends ever since.

"Pray what gave you occasion for the second?" said the young student.

How it began originally, is more than I can tell," answered the captain; all I know is, that a large company of us dined together; we sat long, and drank deep, and I went to bed rather in a state of forgetfulness, and was awaked in

the morning from a profound sleep, by a gentleman, who began a long story, how I had said something that required explanation; and also, that I had accidentally given him a blow, but he supposed I had no intention to affront him; and so he continued talking in a roundabout kind of way, without coming to any point. So I was under the necessity of interrupting him, "upon my conscience, Sir, (said I,) I am unable to declare, with certainty, whether I had any intention of affronting you or not, because my head is still a little confused, and I have no clear recollection of what passed, nor do I fully comprehend your drift at present, but I conjecture that you wish to have satisfaction; if so, I must beg you will be kind enough to say so at once, and I shall be at your service." Finding himself thus cut short, he named the place and the hour. I met him precisely at the time. His first pistol missed fire, but I hit him in the shoulder. At his second shot, the bullet passed pretty near me, but mine lodged in his hip, and then he declared he was quite satisfied. So as I had given a blow the preceding night, and two wounds that morning, upon declaring himself satisfied, I said I was contented.

"You would have thought very hard to please, if you had made any difficulty.

"I thought so myself," rejoined the captain, "and so the affair ended, he being carried home

in a coach, and I marching from the field of battle on foot.

" Pray, may I ask, if you ever was in a battle ?

" No," replied the captain, with a sigh, " I never was; I never had that good fortune, though I would give all the money I have in the world, and all the money I am owing, which is at least triple the sum, to be in one to-morrow.

" Provided you had a good cause ;" replied the young student.

" I should not be squeamish respecting the cause, provided I had a good battle: that, my dear, is what is the most essential to a conscientious officer, who wishes to improve himself in his profession. I have much reason, therefore, to wish for a war; and at the present juncture, it would be much for the advantage of the nation in general.

" How for the advantage of the nation ?

" Why, because it is dwindling into a country of ploughmen, manufacturers, and merchants," said the captain; " but, thank God, there is now some glimmerings of hostilities: *besides this damned peace has been so violent, that it cannot possibly last much longer.*

" If so, you will have the pleasure of being in a battle."

" Ay, and I hope of being *after having been in one* also, my dear lad; for you must know

that I am pretty fortunate, having already stood thirteen shots, and I never was hit but once."

"Thirteen! what, have you fought thirteen duels?"

"No, no!" replied the captain; "the last shot fired at me completed only my sixth duel."

## THE BAILIFF OF LONDON.

"My master is resolved to persecute, Sir—before the old baliff of London, if so be that my young master chance for to die;" said a servant to a country lad.

"The bailiff of London, must be mortal old now, Jenkins," replied the lad; "for I have heard my father speak of him as an old man. But I hope the old bailiff is young enough to condemn, Sir —— to death, if there was occasion."

## EULOGY ON THE BRUTE CREATION.

Some people, whether from a high opinion of other animals, or a humble one of human nature, I shall not take upon me to say, have struggled hard to bring the one as near to the other as they could, or put them quite upon a level, if possible.

By those advocates for the brute creation, we are told, that they are actuated by the passions of fear, of grief, of joy, of anger, and of jealousy, as well as men; that they possess the virtues of fidelity and gratitude in a higher degree.

That the greatest heroes have not surpassed them in courage; that they even display that quality, independent of any advantage to be acquired, and from no apparent motive, but a generous spirit of emulation, and a disdain of turning their backs upon danger.

That they affectionately tend, and carefully provide for their young; and with a prudent attention to their future welfare, they prepare for the scarcity of winter, by carefully heaping up provisions, during the abundance of summer.

That to avoid the inconveniencies and severity of northern winters, they cross vast desarts and seas, in search of more genial climes; and prompted by a predilection, a patriotic attachment, they return at the approach of summer, to their native country.

That they uniformly follow that plan of life which is most suitable to their respective natures, and never misled by vain hopes and fantastic desires, deviate, like man, into the paths which lead to misery and remorse.

That they are not obliged, as men are, to search after remedies for their distempers, by dangerous trials, and laborious experience; but,

when by accident they are sick, which is seldom the case, they find their cure at once, by an intuitive faculty, without any trouble.

After acknowledging that men and animals have bodies of matter organized in many respects alike; that the bodies of both are made up of bones, and muscles, and blood-vessels, organs of respiration, circulation, and digestion; that both possess five senses * of the same nature, and a resemblance in many of their appetites and inclinations; after all these concessions, the internal faculties of animals will be found at a prodigious distance beneath those of men. †

One race of the most intelligent species never improves upon a former, nor one in-

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* Many of the brute creation possess some of the senses, particularly that of smelling, in greater perfection, than any of the human race; but the touch they have certainly in an inferior degree. Nothing in the external form of man gives him so many advantages over other animals, as the admirable mechanism of his hands. It has been remarked, that brutes are intelligent in proportion to the accuracy of their feelings, or as their extremities approach in resemblance to the human kind. The horse and the bull, whose feet are covered with callous hoofs, are less intelligent than the dog, and the dog is inferior in acuteness to the ape, who has a rude kind of hand.

† V. v. 2d. p. 48 *The parallel between men and animals.*

dividual upon another. There is no æra of greater brightness than another in the history of any animal but man; all, from the earliest records of time, to the present moment; is one uniform period of far greater darkness, than any recorded in the annals of mankind.

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THEATRICAL FRACAS.

"I WAS quartered," said an Irish Captain, "in a country town, and I happened to go to *Venice Preserved*, with a friend, who is little hard of hearing, and of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud. Just as I was observing to him that the tallest of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment," a shopkeeper cried—"Silence!"—"Upon my word, friend," said I, "you give the word of command a little too imperiously,"—"You must not disturb the company," answered he—"I am afraid," said I, "that both you and I disturb the company; and so if you will please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The shopkeeper declined this, and muttered the word *impertinent*. I was reduced to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. The shopkeeper called on me the next morning; and as this was acting like a gentleman, I thought it would

be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him—we met accordingly. The shopkeeper fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. "Now, friend," said I, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our dispute may end here, if you are not, you may take another shot." He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

### A POLITE CARD.*

"LADY —— presents compliments to Mrs. —— is extremely sorry she cannot be at her concert next week, being confined with rheumatisms—but is extremely glad that the Signora is to be there; because she will give pleasure to all the amateurs and true lovers that are present; for, as his grace the Duke of Illyria says,

"If music be the food of love, play on."

* Written by a lady of fashion who was very proud of the particular elegance of her *billets*.

A SENSIBLE FRENCH PROTESTANT.

"I REMARKED, that it afforded me pleasure to find that Protestants, since the revolution, were better treated in France than formerly.

"It is fortunate for us," said the French Protestant, "that we are not persecuted as in former times, but it is unfortunate for all France, that, along with the spirit of persecution, that of Religion daily diminishes. We are not allowed the advantages and privileges, which the Catholics themselves enjoy, from any regard they bear to our religion, but from a total indifference for their own.

"Whatever the cause may be," said I, the effect is the same with regard to you.

"No," replied he, "the effect might be better, not only with respect to us, but to all France, for the spirit of persecution might have disappeared without an indifference for all religion coming in its place; and in that case there would have been more probability of the true religion gaining ground."

"But although you may not be able to make them converts," I replied, "still you may live happy among them, in the quiet possession of your own religion, and all your other advantages."

"I doubt it much," resumed he, "being persuaded that in a country where religious senti-

ments are effaced from the minds of the bulk of the people, crimes of the deepest guilt will prevail in spite of all the restraints of law.*"

## SELFISHNESS.

THE indifference with which men look on acts of oppression to which they themselves are not exposed, and the indignation they express against every act of the same nature to which themselves are liable, do not belong exclusively to men of particular professions or countries; it is in human nature.

The levity with which the hardships put on the clergy of France has been spoken of, by many of the laity of this country, is disgusting.

We heard people who professed much public spirit, and uncommon affection for their country, declaim on the utility of applying two thirds of the church livings in England to the extinction of the national debt. When the hardships to

* Subsequent events in France have proved the truth of the remark of this French Protestant.—A mob devoid of religious impressions may be instigated to murder in any cause when their interest is concerned, if they think they can do it with safety; and it cannot be doubted that if religious sentiment had kept any hold of the minds of the directors or executors of the massacres at Paris, they never would have been either the one or the other.

which this project would subject the clergy, was stated as a slight objection, they declared it was no objection at all, saying they would still have too much left for men of moderate desires. But when a small reduction of the legal interest of money was hinted as a means which would also facilitate the payment of a debt which seemed to lie so heavy on their minds, these patriots whose money was invested in the funds, exclaimed against such an idea as a flagrant breach of public faith, and the most horrid injustice.

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### VIENNA,

PROPERLY so called, is not of very great extent; nor can it be enlarged, being limited by a strong fortification. This town is very populous, it is thought to contain above seventy thousand inhabitants. The streets in general are narrow, and the houses built high.* Some of the public buildings and palaces are magnificent; but they appear externally to no great advantage, on ac-

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* "They are all built," wrote L— W— M..e, in 1716, "of fine white stone, and are excessive high, for as the town is too little for the number of people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories."

count of the narrowness of the streets. The chief are the Imperial Palace, the Library and Museum. *

There is no great danger that Vienna will ever again be subjected to the inconveniencies of a siege † yet in case the thing should happen, a measure has been taken, which will prevent the necessity of destroying the suburbs: no houses without the walls are allowed to be built nearer to the glacis than six hundred yards; so that there is a circular field of six hundred paces broad all round the town, which exclusive of the advantage above mentioned, has a very beautiful and salutary effect. Beyond the plain, the suburbs are built.—They form a very extensive and magnificent town, of an irregular circular form, containing within its bosom a spacious field, which has for its centre the original town of Vienna.

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* "They seem to have been more diligent in amasing, there, a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. There is a vast quantity of paintings, amongst which are many fine miniatures. There is a large cabinet, full of curiosities of clock-work, one was worth observing—a crawfish with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from life. I must not forget to mention a small piece of load-stone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift." *Lady M— W— M—e's Letters.*

† It was threatened with one, in 1796, by General Buonaparte.

Those magnificent suburbs,* and the town together are said to contain above three hundred thousand inhabitants; yet the former are not near so populous, in proportion to their size, as the town; because many houses of the suburbs have extensive gardens belonging to them, and many families who live during the winter within the fortifications, pass the summer months in the suburbs.

## MASSACRES.

VERGNIAUD inveighed thus against them, in the national assembly, with that affecting eloquence he had at his command—

"Ah! Messieurs, ne nous le dissimulons pas; ces haines particulieres, ces délations infames, ces arrestations arbitraires, ces cris de proscription, ces complots, ces atteintes portees sur les individus, cette violation de propriétés,

* "I must own," wrote the same fair writer above cited, "I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the fauxbourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the Emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe."

cet oubli des loix, ces agitations inquiétantes ont répandu la consternation & l'éffroi. *

" L'homme vertueux se cache, il fuit avec horreur ces scenes de sang; & il faut bien qu'il se cache l'homme vertueux, quand le crime triomphe; il n'en a pas l'horrible sentiment, il se tait, il s'éloigne, il attend pour reparoitre des tems plus heureux.

" Les tems de revolution produisent ces hommes à la fois hypocrites & féroces, comme les pores de la terre produisent des insectes malfaisans après la tempête.

" Aujourdhiu ces pervers aristocratisent la vertu même pour la fouler impunément aux pieds. Ils democratisent le crime pour avoir le droit de

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* Ah! Gentlemen, there is no concealing it; those hatreds; those infamous accusations; those arbitrary arrests, those rumours of proscriptions and of plots; those personal attacks, those violations of property, that contempt of the laws; all those distressing circumstances have spread consternation and terror.

The virtuous man hides himself: he flies with horror from those scenes of blood: for good reason have the virtuous to hide themselves, when the wicked triumph. They are silent, they retire, and wait for happier times before they appear again.

Times of revolution produce men who are at once hypocritical and ferocious, as, after tempests, the pores of the earth send forth destructive insects.

Those perverse men accuse virtue itself of aristocracy, that they may trample upon it with impunity; and adorn crimes with the name of democracy, that they may be allow-

le commettre: & c'est ainsi qu'ils deshonorent la plus belle des causes, celle du peuple & de la liberté."

" O, Citoyens! vous voyez ma profonde emotion; citoyens arrachez le masque à ces pervers qui n'ont, pour vous tromper & pour vous perdre, que la bassesse de leurs prétensions.

" Citoyens, vous les reconnoitrez facilement. —Celui qui vous invite à égorgerdes femmes & des hommes desarmés, celui-la vous a trahi, & vous perd: cet autre qui vous invite à la paix entre vous, eh bien! celui-la est votre ami. Repoussez donc les traitres qui vous agitent & vous divisent Faites cesser les desordres & les proscriptions. Si les citoyens se deunissent, les Prussiens ne viendront pas à Paris; car alors ils

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ed to commit them: thus they disgrace the noblest of all causes, those of the people and of liberty.

O my fellow citizens, you see how deeply I am affected! Citizens tear the mask from those wretches, who have nothing to deceive you with, but the most despicable means, and the most imprudent pretensions.

Citizens, you may easily discover them.—He who excites you to slaughter women and unarmed men, it is he who betrays and ruins you. That other who persuades you to peace among yourselves, he is your friend. Reject then the traitors who agitate and divide you. Put an end to disorder, and proscription. If the citizens unite, the Prussians cannot come to Paris, because they would be crushed by the remains of the army they defeated, as Samson was by the temple which he overthrew!

seroient accablés sous l'armée qu'ils auroient vaincue, comme Samson, sous le temple qu'il avoit renversé." *

## FEMALE ITALIAN BEAUTY.

BEAUTY doubtless is infinitely varied. A style of face, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. The following is a sketch of the general style of the most beautiful female heads in Italy.

A great profusion of dark hair, which seems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it short and narrow; the nose generally either aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the brow; a full and short upper lip; by the way nothing has a worse effect on a countenance than a large interval between the nose and the mouth; the eyes are large, and of a sparkling black. The Italian eye is wonderfully expressive: some people think it says too much. The complexion, for the most part, is of a clear brown, sometimes fair, but seldom florid, or of that bright fairness which is common in England and Saxony. It must be owned that

* This speech was pronounced after the repeated massacres in the various prisons of Paris, and in the streets of Versailles.—Massacres which create a detestation of the people who could suffer them!

those features which have a fine expression of sentiment and meaning in youth, are more apt than less expressive faces to become soon strong and masculine. In England and Germany, the women, a little advanced in life, retain the appearance of youth longer than in Italy.

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### FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE ON CHARITY.

"If one is to be taken in with affecting stories," (thus was speaking one of our modern fops) "one might have one told at the corner of every street in London. Beggars were never so numerous; one would be tempted to think that half the town was starving of hunger; but for my part I make it a rule never to give any thing to a street beggar.

"That is a very good rule," answered another *merveilleux*, "when you are in a carriage, and can drive past them; but how do you do when you are a foot; particularly if you are caught knocking at a door?

"Why then, indeed," resumed the first, "I am under the same necessity of surrendering my money, as if a pistol were held to my breast. Every idea of charity is equally out of the question in both cases; though in the one the money is demanded for God's sake, and in the other for my own sake.

" I remember," rejoined the second, " being once singled out by a terrible woman with an enormous belly, who stuck to me bawling for charity the whole length of Piccadilly. Being determined not to give her a farthing, I was quickening my pace to shake her off, when unluckily I met a lady of my acquaintance, and stopped to speak to her. The hideous wretch with the belly, taking advantage of the incident, renewed her clamour so loud and so woefully, that I was afraid she would have been delivered in the open street; and so I was obliged to throw her a shilling which put an end to *her* labour, and *my* pangs at once."

THE BASEST SWINDLER,

Is that one who is indebted to every friend or relation, whom he can prevail on, under any pretence to lend him money. This plan of taking advantage of the partiality of friends and relations is the basest of all kinds of swindling; and if those who practice it, who amount to a considerable number in this virtuous capital, were to declare in plain English the sentiments on which their conduct was founded, each of them would address his friend or relation to the following effect: " Sir, (or Madam,) I know you have a greater friendship or regard for me than any other of my acquaintance. I shall therefore

cheat you out of as much money as I possibly can. As you love me too much to proceed with me to extremities I cannot bear the thought of paying you a single sixpence, whatever inconvenience you may suffer from the want of your money."

## BENEVOLENCE.

THE recollection of having been of service to a fellow-creature conveys a pleasing kind of sensation, which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expressed thus: "It comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear;

> ——— Like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets.

It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. Men of that construction are stimulated to do good to others for their own sake.

Such a motive may seem to degrade benevolence; but it must be acknowledged, that it is the most active and the most certain.

## MILAN.

THE ancient capital of Lombardy, is the largest city in Italy, except Rome, but though it is thought rather to exceed Naples in size, it does not contain about one-half the number of inhabitants.

The cathedral stands in the centre of the city, and after St. Peter's is the most considerable building in Italy. It ought to be the largest in the world, if what is told, is true, that it is near four hundred years since it was begun; and that there has been a considerable number of men daily employed in completing it; but as the injuries which time does to the ancient parts of the fabric keep them in constant employment; without the possibility of their work being ever completed, Martial's epigram on the barber Eutrapelus, has been applied to them with great propriety.—That poor man, it seems performed his operations so very slowly, that the beards of his patients required shaving again on the side where he had begun, by the time he had finished the other.

" Eutrapelus tonsor dum circuit ora luperci,
" Expungit que genas, altera barba subit."

No church in christendom is so much loaded with ornaments. The number of statues, within-inside and without, is prodigious, they are all of marble, and many of them finely wrought. The

greatest part cannot be distinctly seen from below, and therefore certainly have nothing above. Besides those which are of a size, and in a situation to be distinguished from the street, there are great numbers of smaller statues, like fairies peeping from every cornice, and hid among the grotesque ornaments which are here in vast profusion.

This vast fabric is not simply encrusted, but entirely built of solid white marble, and supported by fifty columns, said to be eighty-four feet high. The four pillars under the cupola, are twenty-eight feet in circumference. By much the finest statue belonging to it is that of St. Bartholomew—however it excites more disgust and horror than admiration. The inside of the choir, is ornamented by some highly esteemed sculpture in wood: From the roof hangs a case of crystal, surrounded by rays of gilt metal, and inclosing a nail, said to be one of those by which our Saviour was nailed to the cross. The treasury belonging to this church is reckoned the richest in Italy,* after that of Loretto.

The Ambrosian Library is said to be one of the most valuable collections of books and manuscripts in Europe.

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* Whether it has remained so after the two successive victorious visits of General Bonaparte, we are ignorant: but we are inclined to suppose that its most precious jewels have been employed to adorn his triumphs.

In the museum adjoining the library, are a considerable number of pictures, and many natural curiosities.

There is no place in Italy, and perhaps in Europe, where strangers are received in such an easy hospitable manner as at Milan.

The company assemble every evening in their carriages on the ramparts, and drive about.—The ladies have no notion of quitting their carriages at the public walks, and using their own legs as in England and France. On seeing the number of servants, and the splendour of the equipages which appear every evening on the ramparts, one would not suspect that degree of depopulation and diminution of wealth which has taken place lately all over the Milanese.

## AVALANCHES

Are formed on the glaciers or ice-mountains, of snow driven by the wind against the highest and most protuberant parts of rocks, where it hardens and adheres sometimes till a prodigious mass is accumulated. But when these supporters are able to sustain the increasing weight no longer, the avalanche falls at once, hurrying large portions of the loosened rock or mountain along with it;—and rolling from a vast height,

with a thundering noise, to the valley, involves in certain destruction, all the trees, houses, cattle, and men which lie in its way.*

Who has not heard a great deal of the havoçk made by avalanches? The greater part of those who have made a journey to the glaciers, have seen one or more of those avalanches in the very act of falling, and have themselves always escaped by miracle. Is it not just as most people who have made a single voyage by sea, if it were only between Dover and Calais, have met with a storm, and very narrowly escaped shipwreck?

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* Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsam vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultat que solo, silvas, virosque
Involvens secum.

VIRGIL.

As when, by age, or rains, or tempests torn,
A rock, from some high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds and swains, involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from the aërial steep,
Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound
In fiery whirls, and smoaks along the ground.

PITT.

### SEMINARIES OF LEARNING,

As well as particular shops, are sometimes frequented more on account of what they have been, than what they are: so many instances of this might be produced, that it seems to be a prevailing opinion in this island, that talents and genius, like cats, are more attached to particular walls and houses, than the persons who reside within them.

### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HOWEVER its members may be divided by the spirit of party, yet neither the influence of administration, in that house, nor the partiality of opposition, can save dullness from ridicule, nor prevent wit and eloquence from open applause.

### SKAITING.

A YOUNG, but experienced skaiter, with the graceful rapidity of the *feathered Mercury*, was gliding over the ice, when he saw at a distance some confusion, and heard an exclamation that a young lord would certainly be drowned. He

immediately checked his course, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by the edge of the ice, struggling to extricate himself, and crying loudly and incessantly for assistance. As the skaiter approached, he begged the young lord to be silent, and then holding his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to him, at the same time extending his arm to the utmost, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as possible from the broken part of the ice, and that the sound might have the better chance of sustaining the youth, when he should get upon it. At that instant, a sailor, who viewed the scene from the shore, run to the benevolent skaiter, calling "avast, avast, brother; the sliders on which you stand have no hold; that squalling lubber, is more likely to draw you to the bottom, than you to heave him above board, or tow him ashore; catch fast hold of this here, with your larboard hand." So saying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to the skaiter, while he himself stood firm on the ice, holding the other end. "Now, boys, bear a hand," cried he; "hilloa, pull away." Thus the young lord was pulled to a safe part of the ice. The sailor, after contemplating him with a look of contempt, said, "Zounds, what a squalling you did make, friend; d——n me, if I have not seen a whole ship's crew go to the

bottom with less noise than came from your jaw-port."

Whether it was the shivering condition in which the young lord was that deprived him of recollection, or his being offended at the sailor's speech, cannot be known, but he certainly went away with all the expedition he could, and without saying a word.

The generous skaiter, then shaking the sailor by the hand, offered him a guinea for his assistance in saving the young lord from being drowned.

"He is not worth the money, by G—d," said the sailor. "Well, since you insist upon it, master, I'll accept your guinea; but on my conscience, you have a hard bargain."

## AN INN.

A STAGE coach arrived. The coachman having assisted a young woman with an infant in her arms, was leading her, drenched with rain, and the water pouring from her clothes, into the kitchen. A templar, a clergyman, and a colonel, stood before the fire; they waited for fresh horses to their chaise.

*Colonel.* If that creature comes hither; by G—d, we shall be all afloat.

The templar, drew a large chair near the fire, and expressing sympathy at the situation she was in, desired the woman to sit down.

" I do not mind myself;" said the poor woman; but I fear for my child."

While the mother, apprehensive that her child might have suffered, (although she had wrapped him in her cloak,) examined him with affectionate solicitude, the infant seemed alarmed at the number of strange faces that were gazing on him, which the templar remarking, gently pressed the woman's head nearer the child, and at the same instant tickling the cheek of the latter, repeated from Virgil's eclogue—

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

Then he whispered the landlady to take the poor woman into a bed-chamber, and give her a dry gown and cloak, for which he would indemnify her.

The landlady did as she was desired.

" Poor young woman," said the coachman, as she left the room. I am sorry there was no room for her within the coach; she has been exposed to the rain above two hours, and I am sure she is drenched to the skin, and is much to be pitied."

*Colonel.* (laughing) She looks like a new-ducked w——; though she is not handsome enough to be of that profession.

*Coachman.* A woman under misfortunes, has a right to be pitied; whether she is handsome or not. But handsome *is*, who handsome does, please your honours.—This poor woman, pulled the clothes from her own back, and exposed herself to the storm, to protect her child—that is what I call handsome.

*Clergyman.* (clapping the coachman's shoulder,) Ay, my good fellow, and what every humane and feeling man, will call handsome.

*Colonel.* (sneeringly,) Parsons, to be sure, are in general men of feeling.

*Clergyman.* (fixing the colonel,) Brave men are generally humane; and when a soldier is otherwise, he dishonours his profession.

*Coachman.* The rain was so violent, and continued so long, that I fear the poor woman will suffer in her health.

*Colonel.* Those creatures never suffer in their health. I have seen soldiers' wives with children on their backs, keep pace with the men on a march in the midst of frost and snow, and I never heard of their being the worse for it.—It is nothing to those who are used to it.

*Clergyman.* (suppressing his indignation, and addressing the coachman,) Friend, you seem to take some interest in this poor woman; pray what do you know of her?

*Coachman.* All that I know, please your honour, about this here young woman is, that her husband is a seafaring man, who was taken by a

press-gang in the streets of London, about a month ago, and sent to Portsmouth. When she heard of this, she followed him without any more delay, whereof she took her child with her, and remained there until the ship on which her husband was aboard sailed, and most of her money was expended on necessaries to fit him out; although her husband, like an honest-hearted sailor, had desired her not to do it, for fear of distressing her; and so, being short of money, she took a seat on the outside of my coach, and to be sure, she did nothing but cry and sigh, although I said all I could to comfort her; by telling her of a relation of my own, whose husband went to sea, and left her with five children, instead of one; and he was absent for nine years without her ever seeing him, and yet he returned at last in perfect health, and with a good deal of money, about a month after his wife's death. I told the poor woman all this, to keep up her spirits, saying that, I hoped the same would not happen to her, as to the article of dying, but only as to her husband's returning in perfect health, and with a good deal of money; but all I could say, was not able to comfort her.

*Colonel.* I hope you was able to comfort her when she was stripped; for I think you told us she stripped herself at last.

*Coachman.* When the rain began, she stripped herself of part of her clothes to shelter her

child ; and without disparagement, I hope that you, nor none of your relations, ever stripped for a more sinful purpose.

*Clergyman.* Do you know, friend, where she goes when she arrives in London ?

*Coachman.* She told me that she was going to her husband's mother. Her own father is butler to Mr. ——, a rich Nabob, but he was so enraged at her quitting her service to marry the sailor, although the sailor is an honest character, and a handsome man ; but handsomeness in a husband, please your honour, is nothing to a father, although it is a great deal to a daughter.

*Clergyman.* I am much acquainted with her father's master ; and I hope he will prevail on his butler to receive his daughter with kindness, and provide for her and her child, till her husband shall return.

" God Almighty bless you, my good Sir, for your good intention," cried the poor woman, who returned to the kitchen with the landlady ; but my father who is a very honest man, is so passionate, that it will be difficult to bring him to take me home ; and if he did, he would be apt to speak of my dear Richard, in a way that would break my heart."

*Clergyman.* My good woman, make yourself easy, I shall take care to mention the affair in such a manner as will reconcile your father.

*N. B. We will inform the gentle reader whose heart is interested in the fate of the sailor's wife, that the benevolent clergyman, overcame, by his persuasion, her father's obstinacy; that the sight of his daughter melted his heart; and that the man's affections flowed in their natural course.*

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### DRESDEN,

THOUGH not one of the largest, is certainly one of the most agreeable cities in Germany, whether we consider its situation, the magnificence of its palaces, or the beauty and conveniency of the houses and streets. This city is built on both sides of the Elbe, which is of considerable breadth here. The magnificent and commodious manner, in which the two opposite parts of the town are joined, adds greatly to its beauty.

There is an equestrian statue of king Augustus, in a kind of open place or square between the old city and the new. The workmanship is but indifferent.

Few princes in Europe are so magnificently lodged as the elector of Saxony. The palace and museum have been often described. Among the prodigious number of curiosities to be seen there, is a cherry-stone, upon which, by the help of a microscope, above a hundred faces

may be distinguished. Undoubtedly, these little mechanical whims display the labour, perseverance, and minute attention of the workman; but they are not proofs of the wisdom of those who could employ artists to so little purpose.—A work of the jeweller Dinglinger, which represents the celebration of the Mogul's birth-day, is much admired. The Mogul sitting on his throne, his grandees and guards, with a great many elephants, are all exhibited upon a table about an ell square. This work employed Dinglinger and some assistants, above ten years. It would be impious to omit the story of the prophet Jonah, which is to be seen in the museum. The ship, the whale, the prophet, and the seashore, all represented in pearl; but the sea and rocks are in a different kind of stone.—The gallery of pictures is highly esteemed. The most valuable pieces are by Corregio and Rubens. In the museum within the palace, there is a most complete collection of prints, from the commencement of the art of engraving till the present time.

It would have been well for its inhabitants, during the wars, if the city of Dresden had been entirely without fortifications. It was taken by the Imperialists in 1759; and afterwards bombarded by his Prussian majesty.

The curious manufactory of porcelain, suffered considerably by the Prussian bombardment. The elector, has a complete collection of the

finest pieces, from the first attempts made here in this elegant work to the latest improvements. This, independent of the beauty of many of the pieces, is a matter of real curiosity, as it marks the progress of ingenuity and invention.*

## ITALIANS.

FROM the opportunities I have had of observing the inhabitants of Italy, my idea of them, is that they are less subject to avarice, envy, or repining at the narrowness of their own circumstances, and the comparative wealth of others, than most of other nations.

The Italians are the greatest loungers in the world; and while walking in the fields, or

* To that description of Dresden, by Dr. Moore, we will add the picture of its fair inhabitants, drawn by the lively and entertaining pencil of L—— M—— W—— The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of London. They are very genteely dressed after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudires* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pit-pat step; which female frailties, ought, however, to be forgiven them in favour of their civilities to strangers."

stretched in the shade, seem to enjoy the serenity and genial warmth of their climate with a degree of luxurious indulgence peculiar to themselves, without ever running into the daring excesses of the English, or displaying the frisky vivacity of the French, or the invincible phlegm of the Germans; the Italians discover a species of sedate sensibility to every source of enjoyment, from which, perhaps, they derive a greater degree of happiness than any of the other. The frequent processions and religious ceremonies, besides comforting and amusing the Italian populace, serve to fill up their time, and prevent that *ennui*, and those immoral practices, which are apt to accompany poverty and idleness.

The Italians are, in general, a sober, ingenious people,* with quick feelings, and therefore

* The Italian people are more apt, perhaps, than any other, to lay hold of any thing ridiculous with merciless avidity. The following anecdote is an instance of it. The Roman people were suffering a privation of the most necessary articles of life, while Pius VI. was exhausting their treasury in embellishing their city. A wag, who preferred food to obelisks, gave a lesson to his holiness, by applying to him a well-known passage of the Gospel. He wrote these words at the bottom of the obelisk, which Pius VI. raised at great expence, in 1783, at the entrance of the Quirinal palace:—

"Signore, di a questa pietra che divenga pane."

"Lord, command that these stones be made bread."

irritable; but when unprovoked, of a mild and obliging disposition. The murders which occasionally happen, proceed from a deplorable want of police, and some very impolitic customs which have, from various causes, crept in amongst them, and would produce more frequent examples of the same kind, if they prevailed to the same degree in some other countries. The assassinations which disgrace Italy, whatever may have been the case formerly, are now entirely confined to the accidental squabbles which occur among the rabble. No such thing has been known for many years past among people of condition, or the middle rank of citizens; and with regard to stabbing, which happen among the vulgar, they almost always proceed from an immediate impulse of wrath, and are seldom the effect of previous malice, or a premeditated plan of revenge. I do not know whether the stories we have of mercenaries, bravos, men who formerly are supposed to have made it their profession to assassinate, and live by the murders they committed, are founded in truth; but I am certain, that at present, there is no such trade in Italy. If the horrible practice of drawing the knife and stabbing, still subsists among the Italian vulgar, it is owing to the scandalous impunity with which it is treated. The asylum which churches and convents offer to criminals, operates against the peace of so-

ciety, and tends to the encouragement of this shocking custom, in encreasing the criminal's hope of escaping, and in diminishing, in vulgar minds, the idea of the atrocity of the crime.

In England, Germany or France, a man knows that if he commits a murder, every person around him will, from that instant, become his enemy, and use every means to seize him, and bring him to justice. He knows that he will be immediately carried to prison, and put to an ignominious death, amidst the execrations of his countrymen. Impressed with these sentiments, and with the natural horror for murder, the populace of those countries hardly ever have recourse to stabbing in their accidental quarrels, however they may be inflamed with anger and rage.

The murders committed in Germany, France, and England, are therefore comparatively few. In Italy, the case is different: an Italian is not under the influence of so strong an impression, that certain execution must be the consequence of his committing a murder; he is at less pain to restrain his wrath. He hopes to have the good fortune to get within the portico of a church, before he is seized by the sbirri; and if he is carried to prison, he knows, that it is not a difficult matter for his friends or relations, to prevail by their entreaties and tears, on some of the cardinals, or princes, to interfere in his favour, and endeavour to obtain his pardon. If

this is the case, we need be no longer surprised that murder is more common among the Italian populace, than among the common people of any other country. As soon as asylums for such criminals are abolished, and justice is allowed to take its natural course, that foul stain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians.

This is already verified in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dominions. The same edict which declared that churches and convents should no longer be places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a stop to the use of the stiletto: and the Florentine populace, now fight with the same blunt weapons that are used by the common people of other nations.

I think I have convinced the reader, that the treacherous and perfidious disposition imputed to the Italians, is like most other national reflections, ill-founded; and that the facts brought in proof of the accusation, proceed from other causes.

## THE COURT OF VIENNA,

*Under the Reign of the Emperor Joseph*

THE manners of this court are considerably altered since Lady Mary Wortley Montague was here.

People of different ranks now do business together with ease, and meet at public places without any of those ridiculous disputes about precedency, of which the ingenious English lady has given us such lively descriptions. *—Yet

* Lady M— W— M— wrote thus from Vienna, in the year 1716 —" It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours, and their quarrels, are carried on with surprising temper, and they are never lively, but upon points of ceremony. There they shew all their passions; and it is not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them, and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both in chairs, exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the pass was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widow having

trifling punctilios are not completely banished, for there is certainly a greater separation than good sense would direct, between the various classes of the subjects.

The higher or ancient families keep themselves as distinct from the inferior or newly created nobility, as these do from the citizens: * so that it is very difficult for the inferior classes to be in society, or to have their families connected with those of superior ranks. And what is of more importance, in a political sense,

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any place at Vienna.—I am sure, you that know my indifference upon that subject, will pity me intangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burden to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having by their own customs the pass before them all. They indeed so revenge upon the poor envoys, this great respect shewed to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference,) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here."

* "The men," says the above cited amiable writer, "do not only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own; and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the shes that can number among their ancestors, the counts of the empire; they have never occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct to get them husbands."

there are certain places of high trust in the government, which cannot be occupied by any but the higher order of nobility.

Is it not disadvantageous for a government to keep a law in force which enacts, that the offices, in the state which require the greatest abilities, should be filled from that class of the community, in which there is the least chance of finding them?

The ideas relative to dress seem to have entirely changed since Lady Mary's time, * and if

* The following is the humorous sketch she has drawn of the Austrian ladies' dress.—"The fashions here are monstrous, and contrary to common sense and reason, more than it is possible to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gause on their heads about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call *abourlé*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins, (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, so that it certainly requires as much art, and experience, to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-Day with the garland. Their whale-bone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off, and improves the natural

the dress of the ladies be still as absurd, it is at least not so singular; for they, like the rest of Europe, have now adopted the Parisian modes.

The present race of Austrian ladies can differ in nothing more than they do in looks from their grandmothers, who, if any of them were still alive, may be as beautiful at this day as they were when she wrote; for time itself could hardly improve that ugliness, which, according to her, was in full bloom sixty years ago. At present there is no scarcity of female beauty at the court of Vienna.

This being the case, it is natural to imagine that gallantry must now be more prevalent than when her ladyship was here. But exclusive of any real difference, which may have happened in the sentiments of the ladies themselves, they are obliged to observe an uncommon degree of circumspection, as nothing is more heinous in the eyes of her Imperial Apostolic Majesty. *

With regard to what Lady Mary calls *submarriages*, † and of which she has given such a cu-

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ugliness, with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking."

* The celebrated Maria Theresa, whose circumstances have for so many years interested Europe. Her magnanimity in supporting the calamities, to which the early part of her life was exposed, and the moderation with which she bore prosperity, have secured to her universal applause.

† "They generally last twenty years together;" according to L— M— W— M—e's account, "and the lady often

rious account, I do not imagine they are common at present, in all the latitude of her description. But it is not uncommon for married ladies here to avow the greatest degree of friendship, and attachment to men who are not their husbands, and to live with them in great intimacy, without hurting their reputation, or being suspected, even by their own sex, of having deviated from the laws of modesty.

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commands the poor lover's estate, to the ruin of his family. The Austrian husbands are certainly the best-natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives' lovers as favourably, as men do upon their deputies. They are generally, it is true, deputies in another place themselves. In one word, it is the established custom for every lady to have a cicisbeo. All the engagements are so well known, that it would be a down-right affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman, without, at the same time, inviting her two attendants of lover and husband; between whom she sits in state with great gravity. These connections, indeed, are as seldom begun by any real passion, as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure, who is not in some commerce of this nature, and a woman looks out for a lover as part of her equipage; without which she could not be genteel. The first article of the treaty is, establishing the pension, which remains to the lady in case the lover should prove inconstant. This chargeable point of honour I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know several women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less. A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most; and having no lover at all is a disgrace,"

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## ENVY AND CANDOUR,

*A Dialogue between two young Ladies.*

*Envy*—What do you think of this Miss H—— that is come among us?

*Candour*—I think her a very beautiful, elegant, and accomplished young woman.

*Envy*—That I am convinced is precisely her own opinion.

*Candour*—I am at a loss to know, how you come to be convinced, from her manner or conversation, that she thinks so highly of herself.

*Envy*—O, it is quite evident, the men have turned the girl's head; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear, that she is elegant, beautiful, and accomplished.

*Candour*—It is not then surprising, that they should hold the same language to Miss H——, whom they must think so in the highest degree. Don't you remember how all the gentlemen were in her praise?

*Envy*—Well, for my part, I do not think the men half so good judges of female beauty as the women. Miss H—— has too great a quantity of hair, considering how small her head is.

*Candour*—What fault do you find with her person?

*Envy*—She is too tall.

*Candour*—She is not above an inch taller than yourself.

*Envy*—I do not pretend to say, she is a *great deal* too tall

*Candour*—Can you pretend to say she is too short?

*Envy*—She is neither one thing nor the other; one does not know what to make of her.

*Candour*—That settles the point of her height; let us now proceed to her face. Do you not find something very engaging in her countenance?

*Envy*—Engaging do you call it?

*Candour*—Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it?

*Envy*—She is apt, indeed, to smile, but that is to shew her teeth.

*Candour*—She would not smile for that purpose, however, unless she had good fine teeth; and they are certainly the finest I ever saw.

*Envy*—What signifies teeth?

*Candour*.—Well, let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them?

*Envy*.—They are not black.

*Candour*.—No; but they are the sweetest blue in nature.

*Envy*.—Blue eyes have been long out of fashion; black are now all the mode.

*Candour*.—Blue ones are coming round again; for those of Miss —— are much admired.

*Envy*.—Her fortune would procure her admirers among the men, although she had no eyes at all.

*Candour.*—That stroke lights entirely on the men, and misses the person against whom it was aimed.

*Envy.*—Aimed! I have no ill-will against Miss ——.

*Candour.*—I am glad to hear it.

*Envy.*—Lord! not I; why should I?

*Candour.*—I am sure I cannot tell.

*Envy.*—She never did me any injury.

*Candour.*—I was afraid she had.

*Envy.*—No, not in the least, that I know of. I dare say she is a good enough sort of a girl; but as for beauty, her pretensions to that are very moderate indeed.

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ROME.

AUTHORS differ very much in opinion with respect to the number of inhabitants which Rome contained at the period when it was most populous. Some accounts make them seven millions, and others a still greater number. These seem all to be incredible exaggerations. When I consider its circumference of thirteen or fourteen miles, I cannot imagine that ever Rome could boast a million of inhabitants, without supposing the masters of the world to have been the worst lodged people in it. In that computation, the extensive suburbs are not included.

Some of the seven hills on which Rome was built, appear now but gentle swellings, owing to the intervals between them being greatly raised by the rubbish of ruined houses. The number of inhabitants at present is about one hundred and seventy thousand, which though greatly inferior to what Rome contained in the days of its ancient power, is more than it has been, for the most part, able to boast of, since the fall of the Empire.

Some of the principal streets are of considerable length and perfectly straight. That called the *Corso*, is the most frequented. Here the nobility display their equipages during the carnival, and take the air in the evening in fine weather. It is indeed the great scene of Roman magnificence and amusement.

The shops on each side are three or four feet higher than the street; and there is a path for the conveniency of foot passengers, on a level with the shops. The palaces, of which there are several in this street, range in a line with the houses, having no court before them, as the hotels in Paris have; and not being shut up from the sight of the citizens by high gloomy walls, as Devonshire and Burlington houses in London are. Such dismal barricades are more suitable to the unsocial character of a proud Baron in the days of aristocratic tyranny, than to the hospitable benevolent disposition of their present proprietors.

Rome at present exhibits a strange mixture of magnificent and interesting, common and beggarly objects; the former consists of palaces, churches, fountains, and above all the remains of antiquity. The latter comprehends all the rest of the city.

The church of St. Peter's, in the opinion of many, surpasses in size and magnificence the finest monuments of ancient architecture. The Pantheon is one of the best specimens of the ancient. Though not the largest of the Roman temples, it is the most perfect which now remains.

As the Pantheon is the most entire, the amphitheatre of Vespasian, is the most stupendous monument of antiquity in Rome. It was finished by his son Titus. About one-half of the external circuit still remains, from which, and the ruins of the other parts, a pretty exact idea may be formed of the original structure. It could contain eighty-five thousand spectators. Fourteen chapels are now erected within side, representing the stages of our Saviour's passion. One cannot reflect but with horror on the use formerly made of this immense building; and the dreadful scenes which were acted on the arena; where, not only criminals, but prisoners of war, were obliged to butcher each other, for the entertainment of an inhuman populace.

The Capitol and Forum Romanum is by far the most interesting scene of antiquity in Rome.

The approach to the modern Campidoglio is very noble, and worthy of the genius of Michael Angelo. The building itself is the work of that great artist; it is raised on part of the ruins of the ancient capitol. Ascending this celebrated hill, the heart beats quick and the mind warms with a thousand interesting ideas. You withdraw your eyes, with disdain, from every modern object, and contemplate with more respect, the ruins on which it is founded: because they are more truly Roman.

The Forum Romanum exhibits now in its ruins, a melancholy but interesting view of the devastation wrought by the united force of time, avarice and bigotry. There is the strongest reasons to think that the ancient forum was entirely surrounded by temples, basilicæ, and public buildings of various kinds, and adorned with porticoes and colonades. In the time of the Republic, assemblies of the people were held there, laws were proposed, and justice administered. In it was the rostrum from whence the orators harangued the people. Near it the bankers had their offices; and all kinds of business was transacted in this place. Surely the Romans or their governors ought to show more solicitude for preserving the antiquities than they do; and they might, without inconveniency, find some place for a cow-market, of less importance than the ancient forum.

Besides this, there were several forums in Rome. The accounts we have of the forums of Nerva, and that of Trajan, give the highest idea of their grandeur and elegance: three Corinthian pillars with their entablatures, are all that remain of the former; of the latter, the noble column placed in the middle still preserves its original beauty.

Those who have a real pleasure in contemplating the remains of antique and the noblest specimens of modern architecture, and who have an unwearied admiration of the charms of painting, may employ a whole year with satisfaction in this city. For besides churches, there are about thirty palaces in Rome, as full of pictures as the walls can bear. There are also ten or twelve villas in the neighbourhood of this city, which are usually visited by strangers.

The fine specimens of antique sculpture are to be seen in the Vatican. In these the Greek artists display an unquestionable superiority over the most successful efforts of the moderns.*

* These master-pieces have been described a thousand times, and imitated as often, without having had justice done to them: to attempt then, their description would be equally vain and superfluous.

## SCIENTIFIC ERRORS OF THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In the last century, and that immediately preceding it, the minds of mankind seem to have been obscured with ideas equally gloomy in religion and in medicine; every thing pleasing was thought sinful; and by many enthusiasts, what gives the highest pleasure, was considered as the greatest sin. The physicians seem to have adopted the prevailing sentiment of the times, and to have applied it to the practice of physic; they condemned every thing that was more agreeable to a sick person's taste or feelings, and declared it noxious to his constitution, and the more noxious in proportion as it was agreeable. In many instances, they treated their patients as if they had been persuaded that the most effectual way to restore health, was to prescribe what was more repugnant to his taste. If he complained of heat, additional bed-cloaths were heaped upon him to force a sweat; if half stifled, he begged for a little fresh air, the bed-curtains were drawn closer, because cold ought to be most guarded against, when the body is hottest; and if he complained of thirst, and entreated for a draught of cool water, he was presented with a draught from the apothecary's shop, well impregnated with spiceries.

How many disorders would have terminated favourably, had the pleadings of nature been listened to, and the wishes of the patients gratified—for their taste will very seldom direct them wrong. How many victims, since the period alluded to, have been sacrificed to the pride and obstinacy of mistaken science, dazzled by the meteors of theory, and despising the humble path of experience pointed out by the earliest physicians.

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### VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ,

Is that inherent bias observable in the animal œconomy to restore health; for as the surface of a lake which clearly reflects the sky, and hills, and verdant scenes around its borders, when it is disturbed by the falling of a stone, immediately endeavours to recover its scattered images, and restore them to the same beauteous order in which they are wont to appear; in the like manner, when the natural course of the animal œconomy is interrupted and disturbed by disease, the powers of the constitution are continually endeavouring to restore its organs to the perfect use of their functions, and to recover its usual vigour aud serenity.

This *vis medicatrix naturæ*, was observed by the father of medicine; the same sentiment is

expressed by Sidenham. It is acknowledged by all candid and discerning practitioners, to have a powerful influence in the cure of diseases. Indeed, physicians, in proportion to their candour and discernment, acknowledge and rely upon this power of nature; and in proportion to their selfishness and weakness, impute every recovery to their prescriptions.

## NATURAL EXPRESSIONS OF THE PASSIONS.

EVERY sentiment of the mind has particular parts of the body in correspondence with it, and affected by it.

Hatred, scorn, love, suspicion, confidence, admiration, and every other passion of the mind, have particular muscles in sympathy with them, and affect the features in a particular manner. So that in remote villages, and in those countries, where the emotions of the heart are not attempted to be concealed or disguised, it is an easy matter to know the state of men's minds by looking in their faces. But in more artificial societies, in great cities, and in courts, where many are struggling for the same object, where there is an everlasting jarring of interest, where men are anxious to conceal their designs and

their wishes, and dare not avow the real motives of their actions, it is difficult to judge of the feelings of the heart by what appears in the countenance; yet in the midst of all this affectation and disguise, men of experience and penetration, will often see real joy through artificial tears, genuine sadness in assumed gaiety, and inveterate hatred, lurking under all the officious smiling display of kindness.

Art cannot long carry on a successful war with nature; men cannot be on their guard, or keep their features in everlasting constraint, the genuine passion, will occasionally shew itself in the countenance, by the sympathising muscles; the hypocrite, is at that instant detected, and all his future grimaces are in vain.

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FEVERS.

WHO would not be alarmed, that such a formidable *febrium cohors*, as the following, had invaded the earth:—febris inflammatoria, scorbutica, soporosa, putrida, nervosa flava, sudatoria, colliquitiva, ardens, hectica, cephalalgica, bilosa, erisypelacea, paludosa, verminosa, maligna, &c. &c. &c. and, after being thus informed, who could be surprised that death walked

with a hastened step through the land.* To lay hold of the occasional symptoms which arise from the differences of constitution and other circumstances, and erect them into new diseases with terrifying names, burdens the memory, and tends to darken, rather than elucidate.

He who breaks a load-stone into a great number of pieces, will throw as little light upon the nature of magnetism, and discover as little of its cause, as if he had left the load-stone entire. To give terms, instead of ideas, is a practice not confined to physicians, who have divided and sub-divided continued fevers, with such a parade of learning, as terrifies the timorous mind, and perplexes the most experienced practitioner.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE.

It was in the skilful and temperate exertions of its powers in this noblest province of the art, *expression*, that ancient sculpture so much excelled the modern. She knew its limits, and had

* ——— Nova febrium
Ferris incubuit cohors:
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi, corripiut gradum.

Hor. lib. 1. carm. 3.

ascertained them with precision. As far as expression would go hand in hand with grace and beauty, in subjects intended to excite sympathy, she indulged her chisel; but where agony threatened to induce distortion, and obliterate beauty, she wisely set bounds to imitation, remembering, that though it may be moral to pity ugliness, and distress, it is more natural to pity beauty in the same situation; and that her business was not to give the strongest representation of nature, but the representation which would interest us most. The Greek artists have been accused of having sacrificed character too much to technical proportion. What is usually called character in a face, is probably excess in some of its parts, and particularly of those which are under the influence of the mind, the leading passion of which marks some features for its own. A perfectly symmetrical face, bears no mark of the influence of either the passions or the understanding, and reminds you of Prometheus's clay, without his fire. On the other hand, the moderns, by sacrificing too liberally those technical proportions, which, when religiously observed, produce beauty, to expression, have generally lost the very point for which they contended. They seemed to think, that, when a passion was to be expressed, it could not be expressed too strongly; and that sympathy always followed in exact proportion, with the strength of the passion, and the force

of its expression. But passions in their extreme instead of producing sympathy, generally excite feelings diametrically opposite. A vehement and clamorous demand of pity is received with neglect, and sometimes with disgust; whilst a patient and silent acquiescence under the pressure of mental affliction, or severe bodily pain, finds every heart in unison with its sufferings. The ancients knew to what extent expression may be carried, with good effect. The author of the famous Laocoon in the Vatican,* knew where to stop, and if the figure had been alone,† it would have been perfect; there is exquisite anguish in the coun-

* This famous group has been brought from the Vatican at Rome, to the Louvre at Paris:—the Louvre, which is certainly one of the greatest repositories of *stolen goods*, in the world: We say, *stolen goods*, for who can ever admit that the right of conquest extended so far as to justify the French in robbing Italy and Flanders of what was dearer than the soil itself, the monuments of their genius, the boast of their country, the example and instruction of unborn ages. The project of pillaging Italy of its most valuable works of art, was suggested by the Abbé Gregoire, in September 1794, because, as he alledged, *Chefs-d'œuvres* of the Greek republic, ought not to embellish a country of slaves. —What kind of freedom can that nation now boast of?—Does not the Turk, enjoy at present, more liberty than regenerated France?—*"Consent to be my slaves; and you shall be masters of all the world:" such is the language of Bonaparte to the French people!*

† See the ingenious critical judgment given by Mr. Lock, on that affecting groupe, in p. 88. It shews

tenance; but it is borne in silence, and without distortion of features. Puget, thought he could go beyond the author of Laocoon; he gave voice to his Milo; he made him roaring with pain, and lost the sympathy of the spectator.*

## PIUS THE SIXTH.†

Is a tall, well made man, about sixty years of age, but retaining in his look all the freshness of

at once the father, and the man of taste. Many of our readers will have sensibility enough to feel its beauty, and its justness; but how small is the number of those who would have had the ingenuity to make it.

* Dr. Moore acknowledges that the preceding remarks, on ancient and modern sculpture, were suggested to him by the same gentleman mentioned in our foregoing note:—A gentleman, who, to a soul endowed with the most noble and delicate feelings, unites the most refined taste.

F. P.

† John Angelo Braschi—Born at Cesena, December 27, 1717.—Elected Pope February 15, 1775. —Dethroned February 15, 1798.—Died August 19, 1799.

The turbulent, and capricious people of Rome, did not applaud the election of Pius VI. and applied to him a famous Latin verse, composed under the pontificate of Alexander VI. importing that Rome had always been ruined by sovereigns who bore the title of *Sextus*

Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.

In fact Sextus Tarquinius provoked, by his tyranny, the expulsion of the kings of Rome; Urban VI. began the great

a more earlier period of life. He lays a greater stress on the ceremonious part of religion, than his predecessor Ganganelli. As his pretensions, in point of family, fortune, and connexions, were smaller than those of most of his brother cardinals, it is the more probable that he owed his elevation to this part of his character. He performs all the religious functions of his office in the most solemn manner; not only on public, and extraordinary occasions, but also in the most common acts of devotion. Popes are, generally speaking, men bowing under the load of years and infirmities. His present holiness has hitherto suffered from neither. His features are regular, and he has a fine countenance; his person is straight, and his movements graceful. His leg and foot are remarkably well made. He

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schism of the West; Alexander VI. astonished Rome, and the whole world, by the enormity of his crimes; and Pius VI. has but too well realized the presentiment suggested by his name. Never did a prophecy appear less founded—never was any one more punctually fulfilled.

Frederic the Great entertained for this pontiff a kind affection. When he saw him engaged in a contest, which Joseph II. who undertook to make reforms useful, but afflicting to the church, he wrote to M. D'Alembert:—"The "only thing that vexes me is, that all this good was not "done under Popes who merited humiliation; and that it "should have been reserved for the worthy Braschi, who "has drained the Pontine marshes."

is not insensible of the charms of his person, or unsolicitous about his external ornaments. Though verging towards the winter of life, his cheeks still glow with autumnal roses, which, at a little distance, appear as blooming as those of the spring. If he himself were less clear-sighted, than he seems to be to the beauties of his face and person, he could not be deaf to the voices of women, who break out into exclamations in praise of both, as often as he appears in public. *

Vanity is a very comfortable failing; and has such an universal power over mankind, that not only the gay blossoms of youth, but even the shrivelled bosom of age, and the contracted heart of bigotry, display strong marks of sensibility under its influence. †

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* Vide I. Vol. p. 100.

† The vanity of Pius VI. which was apparent in every thing, drew upon him frequent mortifications. Descended from a family scarcely noble, he plumed himself, from the very beginning of his reign, upon his illustrious race. To the modest coat of arms of his ancestors, he added all the vain embellishments of blazonry. To two wings, of which the arms of his family consisted, he added an eagle, *fleurs de lys*, and stars. These pompous armorial bearings were cruelly criticised in the following distich :—

Redde aquilam imperio, Francorum lilia Regi
Sidera redde Polo; cætera, Brasche, tua.

VENICE.

THE view of Venice at some little distance from the town is mentioned by many travellers

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" Restore your eagle to the empire; his lilies to the King of France; and the stars to heaven: the rest, Braschi, is your own."

Pius VI. was not sparing of inscriptions in the sacristy of St. Peter's, which he had erected. Over the principal entrance were inscribed these words:—

" Quod ad templi Vaticani ornamentum publica Vota
" flagitabant, Pius VI. pontifex maximus, fecit, perfecit-que
" anno, &c.

" What the public voice demanded for the decoration of
" the church of the Vatican, Pius VI. Sovereign Pontiff,
" began and completed, anno. in the year, &c."

How great must have been his mortification, when, under this inscription, he found the following insolent lines:—

" Publica! mentiris non publica vota fuere
" Sed tumidi ingenii vota fuere tui.

" Thou liest! the public voice was not consulted: thou
" followedst the dictates of thy vanity alone!"

Pius VI. was not a little vain of his handsome leg. Not wishing that his long pontifical robes should entirely conceal that part of his person, to the adorning of which he was always scrupulously attentive, he took great care to hold them up on one side, so that one of his legs was entirely exposed to view. An affected display of a ring of hair, of the most brilliant white, which gave him a look at once noble and venerable, as well as of his legs, so unworthy of a grave pontiff, gave occasion to the following distich;—

in terms of the highest admiration. To behold magnificent palaces, churches, towers, and steeples all standing in the middle of the sea is certainly an uncommon scene; and there is no manner of doubt that a town surrounded by water is a very fine sight: but a town surrounded by land is much finer. Can there be any comparison in point of beauty, between the dull monotony of a watery surface, and the delightful variety of gardens, meadows, hills, and woods?

If the situation of Venice render it less agreeable than another city to behold at a distance,

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" Aspice, Roma, Pium. Pius, haud est: aspice mimum---
" Luxuriante coma, luxuriante pede."

" Rome, look at Pius. He Pius! no, indeed: He is a " comedian;—behold the display of his hair, and see how " vain he is of his leg!"

That vanity which is connected with external accomplishments did not abandon Pius in his misfortunes, and in his retreat at Florence. There lived a young Hungarian painter who was desirous of the honour of drawing his holiness's portrait, with the intention, as he said, of presenting it to the empress. He was conducted to the holy father, who accepted his offer with a sort of enthusiasm. " Let your pencil," said he to the young artist, " revive that blooming and ani- " mated countenance, which is somewhat faded, through " age and chagrin: paint me in scarlet robes, to give the " greater relief to my features." The painter is said to have paid double obedience to these directions. Even in the season of disgrace, Pius VI. found a *flatterer*. His eyes dwelt with pleasure on that portrait, which carried him back to a less advanced age, and happier days.

it must render it, in a much stronger degree, less agreeable to inhabit. Instead of walking or riding in the fields, and enjoying the fragrance of herbs, and the melody of birds; when you wish to take the air at Venice, you must submit to be paddled about, from morning to night, in a narrow boat, along dirty canals; or if you don't like this, you have one resource more, which is that of walking in St. Mark's place.

Venice is said to be built on the sea, that is on a kind of a small inner gulph, separated from the large one by some islands at a few miles distance. Most of the houses have one door opening upon a canal, and another communicating with the street; by means of which, and of the bridges, you can go to almost any part of the town, by land as well as by water.

The number of inhabitants are computed at about 150,000; the streets in general, are narrow; so are the canals, except the grand canal; which is very broad, and has a serpentine course through the middle of the city. They tell you, there are several hundred bridges in Venice. What pass under this name, however, are single arches, thrown over the canals; most of them paltry.

The rialto consists also of a single arch, but a very noble one and of marble. The view from it is equally lively and magnificent. The objects under your eye are the grand canal over which

it is built, covered with boats and gondolas, and flanked on each side with magnificent palaces, churches, and spires. This fine prospect is almost the only one in Venice. Except the Grand Canal, and the Canal Regio, all the others are narrow and mean; some of them have no quays; the water literally washes the walls of the houses. When you sail along those wretched canals, you have no one agreeable object to cheer the sight; and the smell is overwhelmed with the stench, which, at certain seasons exhales from the water.

As the only agreeable view in Venice, is from the grand canal, so the only place where you can walk with ease and safety is in the Piazza di St. Marco. This is a kind of irregular quadrangle formed by a number of buildings all singular in their kind, and very different from each other, viz. The ducal palace—the church of St. Mark—a noble range of buildings called Procuratie.

To compensate, for there being but one square, or *place*, (as the French more properly call them,) at Venice, there is a greater variety of objects to be seen at this one, than in any half-dozen of the squares or places of London or Paris. They create a rapid succession of ideas. The sight of the churches awakens religious sentiments, and by an easy transition, the mind is led to contemplate the influence of superstition.

In the midst of this reverie, Nero's four horses * appear, and carry the fancy to Rome and Constantinople. In the evening the Place St. Mark presents a mixed multitude of Jews, Turks, and christians; lawyers, knaves, and pick-pockets; mountebanks, old women, and physicians; a jumble of senators, citizens, gondoleers, people of every character and condition. It never fails to be well attended, and when it is fine weather, numbers pass a great part of the night there. When the piazza is illuminated, and the shops in the adjacent streets lighted up, the whole has a brilliant effect; and as it is the custom for the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, to frequent the cassinos and coffee-houses around,

* These celebrated horses, said to be the work of the renowned Lysippus, are no longer at Venice. It is observable that they have never changed their place but in consequence of some great political revolution. The Romans having atchieved the conquest of Greece, first removed them from Corinth, and placed them on the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus at Rome. They were removed from thence to Bizantium (Constantinople) when that city became the seat of the empire; at the capture of Bizantium, by the Venetians, they were transplanted to St. Marc; and the French rapacity has caused them to be brought to the palace of the Tuilleries. The Parisians, who amuse themselves now, as they have done for ages, in making calembourgs (puns) and epigrams at the expence of their rulers, say that it is to the *Beau-harnois*, that France is indebted for these superb horses.

the place of St. Mark, answers all the purposes of either Vauxhall or Ranelagh.

It is not in St. Mark's Place, that one is to look for the finest monuments of the art of Titian, or the genius of Palladio, for those it is necessary to visit the churches and palaces.

The number of play-houses in Venice, is extraordinary, considering the size of the town, and its population. There are eight or nine theatres in Venice, including the opera-houses. A Venetian play-house, has a dismal appearance in the eyes of people accustomed to the brilliancy of those of London. Many of the boxes are dark. The music of the opera of Venice, is reckoned as fine as in any town of Italy.

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LE PEUPLE SOUVERAIN DE FRANCE*,

Is, at the present, time, (1792), a monarch composed of heterogeneous substances, like the image of which Nebuchadnezzar dreamed: part

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* They are certainly now a nonentity. "Bonaparte "proceeded, against *le Peuple Souverain de France*, like "Hercules against Antæus, he gave it a true fraternal hug, "and strangled it."—To use the words of one of our most eloquent speakers:—"Every man feels when he returns "from France, that he is coming from a dungeon, to enjoy "the light and life of British independence."—Vide Mr. Sheridan's speech in the House of Commons, December 8, 1802.

is fine gold, part silver, part brass, part iron, and a large portion clay: each of these divisions occasionally assumes the right of representing the whole sovereign; and the clay portion is exceedingly apt to bedaub all the others when they offer to dispute with it.

The populace, stimulated by unprincipled leaders, have committed all the excesses of revolted negroes, or of slaves who have burst from the gallies.—If there were no choice but to live under arbitrary government, or to be exposed to the unrestrained ravages and cruelties of a frantic populace, the former would be preferred to the other.—For history affords instances of princes whose power was unlimited, and who preserved the virtues of humanity; whereas, a mob is always furious, brutal, and cruel.

## DEBTS OF HONOUR, OR MODERN SOPHISTICAL POSITIONS.

Do you not consider money lent to oblige a friend, as much a debt of honour, as if it had been won at play?

By no means, there is a great difference; I am surprised you do not see it.

I do not perceive, why the game debt should have the preference.

Well, I do confess, my dear friend, that I am surprised at your blindness; you allow, do you not, that a game debt is a debt of honour, and

the place of St. Mark, ar[illegible] of a tradesman's of either Vauxhall or R[illegible]

It is not in St. Mar[illegible]desman's bill, I grant you. look for the finest m[illegible]ld be glad to know, upon tian, or the genius [illegible]s game debt this preference cessary to visit th[illegible]s account?

The number [illegible], I cannot tell; because it is traordinary, [illegible]ould suppose.

and its pof[illegible] friend; what has continued so theatres in [illegible]epend on something more durable A Venet[illegible]on.

ance in[illegible], upon my soul, I cannot guess on what brilli[illegible]ends; but I must own, that I am inclined bo[illegible]ink that, money lent to oblige a friend, has V[illegible]good a title to be considered a debt of ho[illegible]ur, as any game-debt, whatever.

How can you allow yourself to talk so? you may just as well say, that your baker's account, has a title to be considered as a debt of honour. Now, mark the difference.—Why does your baker send you bread? Do you imagine he does it to feed you? Not a bit; he does not care if you were starved; the scoundrel sends you your daily bread, on purpose to feed himself and his own squalling children. Why does he allow you to run a long account? Is it to accommodate you? Not in the least; he would insist on payment at the end of every week, if he did not, by delay, find opportunities for inserting in his bill much more bread than he ever sends; and besides, has he not the law on his side, and be d——d to him? which is, by much, too partial

fellows, and too hostile to gentlemen,
v gentlemen distressed for money.—
. a man looks to law for relief, honour
y out of the question.

are still harping, my dear Sir, on a
man; come to the case of a gentleman,
lends money to oblige his friend.

The cases are similar. The man who lends his money, has the law upon his side likewise; besides, in lending the money, he imagines, probably, he does a friendly generous act; he takes credit in his own mind for it, as such; he has the approbation of the world for what he has done, and his friend, perhaps, is grateful: having received something like value in these various ways, he has the less reason to expect it in cash also;—but when a man wins money from his friend, at play;—some people condemn him —he excites no gratitude—the law affords him no assistance; and he relies entirely on the loser's honour; therefore, it is clear, that he who pays money borrowed, or his tradesman's bill, in preference to a game-debt, behaves like a low-minded, dirty fellow, and not like a man of honour.

THE POSSESSO,*

Is a ceremony performed by every Pope as soon as conveniency will permit, after the conclave has declared in his favour. It is equivalent to the coronation in England, or the consecration at Rheims. On this occasion, the pope goes to the bascilia of St. John Lateran, (the mother, they say, of all the churches in Christendom,) and as the phrase is, takes possession of it. When he has got possession of this, therefore he must be the real head of the Christian church, and Christ's vicegerent upon earth.—From St. John Lateran's he proceeds to the capitol, and re-

* We have inserted the following description, because the ceremony it describes may again take place, contrary to a prediction given in these solemn words:* "*The Roman state, at the frown of exasperated France, has completed the act of dying which was already begun. It will never experience a resurrection. The faithful Catholics may yet continue to bestow the appellation of Pope on their spiritual chief. But that ambitious sovereign, half-man—half-god—for whom the sceptre and the censer jointly challenged the homage of mankind, has for ever disappeared.*" Time has proved the vanity of this emphatic oracle; it has proved, that the subjects of the Pope, as well as the French, corrupted and enervated, were not worthy to be republicans.

* Vide *Memoirs of Pius the Sixth*: a production evidently and insidiously written to palliate and justify the plunders committed at Rome by the French rapaciousness, as well as the manifold cruelties wantonly inflicted by them on an aged, infirm, disarmed, and good-natured sovereign.

ceives the keys of that fortress; after which it is equally clear, that as an earthly prince, he ought like the ancient possessors of the capitol, to have a supremacy over all kings.

The instant of his holiness's departure from the Vatican, is announced by a discharge of cannon, from the castle of St. Angelo, on the top of which the standard of the church has been flying since morning. The officers of the Pope's horse-guards are dressed in a style equally rich and becoming; something between the Hungarian and Spanish dress. The uniform of the Swiss guards on this occasion, are real coats of mail, with iron helmets on their heads, as if they were to take the capitol by storm. Their appearance is strongly contrasted with that of the Roman barons, who appear in the procesion, on horseback, without boots, and in full dress; each of them preceded by four pages, and followed by a number of servants in rich liveries. Bishops, and other ecclesiastics, succeed the barons; then come the cardinals on horseback in their purple robes, which cover every part of the horses except the head. Last of all, comes the Pope himself, mounted on a milk-white mule, distributing blessings, with an unsparing hand, amongst the multitude who follow him, with the acclamations *viva il santo padre!* and prostrating themselves on the ground before his mule, *benedizione, santo padre.*

At the entrance of the capitol, he is met by the senator of Rome, who, falling on his knees, delivers the keys into the hands of his holiness, who pronounces a blessing over him, and restores him the keys. Proceeding from the capitol, he is met, soon after he has passed through the arch of Titus, by a deputation of the Jews, headed by the chief rabby, who presents him with a long scroll of parchment, on which is written the whole law of Moses, in Hebrew.—His holiness receives the parchment in a very gracious manner, telling the rabby, that he accepts the present out of respect to the law itself, but entirely rejects his interpretation; for the ancient law has been fulfilled. His holiness, proceeds thus in triumph through the principal streets to the Vatican. To feel admiration at this showy and magnificent procession, and behold, with satisfaction, the pope and his cardinals marching in triumph to the capitol, one must forget those who walked in triumph, formerly to the same place: forget all the great and virtuous men of ancient Rome, whom we have admired from our childhood, and of whose great qualities our admiration increases, with our experience and knowledge of the present race of mankind.

COMMERCIAL AND NON-COMMERCIAL TOWNS.

In commercial towns, where every body finds employment, and is agitated by the bustle of business, the minds of the inhabitants are apt to be so much engrossed with the affairs of this world, as almost to forget that there is another; and neither the true religion nor false ones, have such holds of their minds, as in places where there is more poverty, and less worldly occupation. In the first they consider the remonstrances of priests and confessors as interruptions to business; and without daring to despise the ceremonies of Religion, like the speculative sceptic or infidel, the hurried trader huddles them over as fast as possible, that he may return to occupations more congenial with the habit of his mind. The preachers may cry aloud and spare not; they may lift up their voices like trumpets, proclaiming the nothingness of this world, and all which it contains. It is in vain. Men who have been trained to the pursuit of money from their childhood, who have bestowed infinite pains to acquire it, and who derive all their importance from it, must naturally have a partiality for this world, where riches procure so many flattering distinctions; and a prejudice against *that* in which they can procure none. But in towns where there is little

trade, and great numbers of poor people, where they have much spare time, and small comfort in this world, the clergy have an easier task, if they are tolerably assiduous, in turning the attention of the inhabitants to the other. In Roman Catholic towns of this description, we see the people continually pacing up and down the streets with wax tapers in their hands. They listen with fond attention to all the priest relates, concerning that invisible country, that land of promise where their hopes are placed; they ruminate with complacency on the happy period when *they* also shall have their good things; they bear their present rags with patience, in expectation of the white raiment and crowns of gold, which, they are told, await them; they languish for the happiness of being promoted to that lofty situation, from whence they may look down, with scorn, on those to whom they now look up with envy, and where they shall retaliate on their wealthy neighbours, whose riches at present, they imagine, insult their own poverty.*

* How happy must we not esteem ourselves in inhabiting a town which does not fall under the description Dr. Moore has here depicted. A commercial town, indeed! which corresponds with all the corners of the earth, and, in some respects, command all the treasures of the world:—where there is industry, bustle, animation, life: where labour obtains its rewards and activity an easy and opulent repose—

the theatre of the largest fortunes.—But a town nevertheless, where obscurity is a stranger to envy, because free from insult; and poverty does not repine, because enriched benevolence meets and relieves its wants :—a town, whence is banished a puerile and stupid bigotry; and where there reigns in general, that pure and rational piety, which consists in honouring God and doing justice to men.

THE END.

## *ERRATA.*

Page 16, line 24, instead of *vanity* read *rarity*...P. 24, l. 3, *habituated* read *habituatss*...P. 28, l. 10, *have* read *having*...P. 29, l. 18, *is* read *are*. ..P. 31, note l. 1, *contrasted* read *traced*...P. 37, l. 5, *gueux* read *gueuse*... Ibid, l. 12, *their* read *the*...P. 43, l. 4. *they possess* read *he possesses*... P. 79, l. 21. *volons* read *voulons*...P. 83. l. 10, *s'ecarte* read *s'ecarte*...P. 99, note l. 1, *the following instance and elegant* read *the following elegant*...P. 113, note l. 4, *né de gene* read *né de la géne*..P. 145. l. 17, *sci* read *ici*...P. 166, note l. 4. *Sautieul* read *Santeuil*..P. 176, note l. 7, *tender* r. *tendered*.. Ibid, note l. 9, *master* read *monster*...P. 205, note l. 21, *obligé* r. *afligé* ..P. 208, note l. 16, *action, the first* read *action is the first*...P. 209, l. 11, *idea of belonging* read *idea belonging*...P. 232, l. 15, *se deunissent* read *se reunissent*...P. 250, note l. 8, *minaudires* read *minaudiéres*.

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## *ERRATA.*

Page 39, line 20, instead of *sate* read *sat*...P. 89, note l. 3, *the three* read *the five*..P. 102, l. 11, *Cadavarous* read *Cadaverous*...P. 105, l. 17, *on pe* read *on ne*...P. 112, l. 1, *Avanturieur* read *Avanturier*...P. 116, l. 12, *qui donne* read *qui a donné*..P. 127, l. 2, *amoit* read *auroit*..P. 134, l. 14, *covilla* read *corilla*...P 150, l. 19, *monarchs* read *monarch*...P. 159, l. 22, *to be so much* read *not so much*...P. 163, l. 26, *table d'hoté* read *table d'hôte*...P. 164, l. 22, *Cassias* read *Casius*...P. 165, l. 7, *breats* read *breasts*..:P. 166, l. 19, *made-decrees* read *mad-decrees*...P. 173, l. 6, *towns* read *town*...P. 184, l. 26, *indicated* read *mitigated*...P. 195, l. 21, *Pascendent* read *Pascendant*...P. 205, l. 19, *compatible* read *incompatible*. ..P. 206, l. 22, *ruin* read *own*...P. 224, l. 8, *obliged* read *they are obliged*... P. 227, l. 12, *le soverain* read *le souverain*...Ibid, l. 18, *overt* read *ouvert*. ..Ibid, l. 19, *courat* read *courut*...P. 237. l. 6, *executed* read *excited*... Ibid, l. 9, *un hommes* read *un homme*...P. 256, l. 10, *realised* read *released*. ..P. 288, l. 7, *seza* read *sera*...Ibid, l. 12, *s'étorne de leuer* read *s'étonne de eur*.

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